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STRIKES AND THEIR EFFECTS.

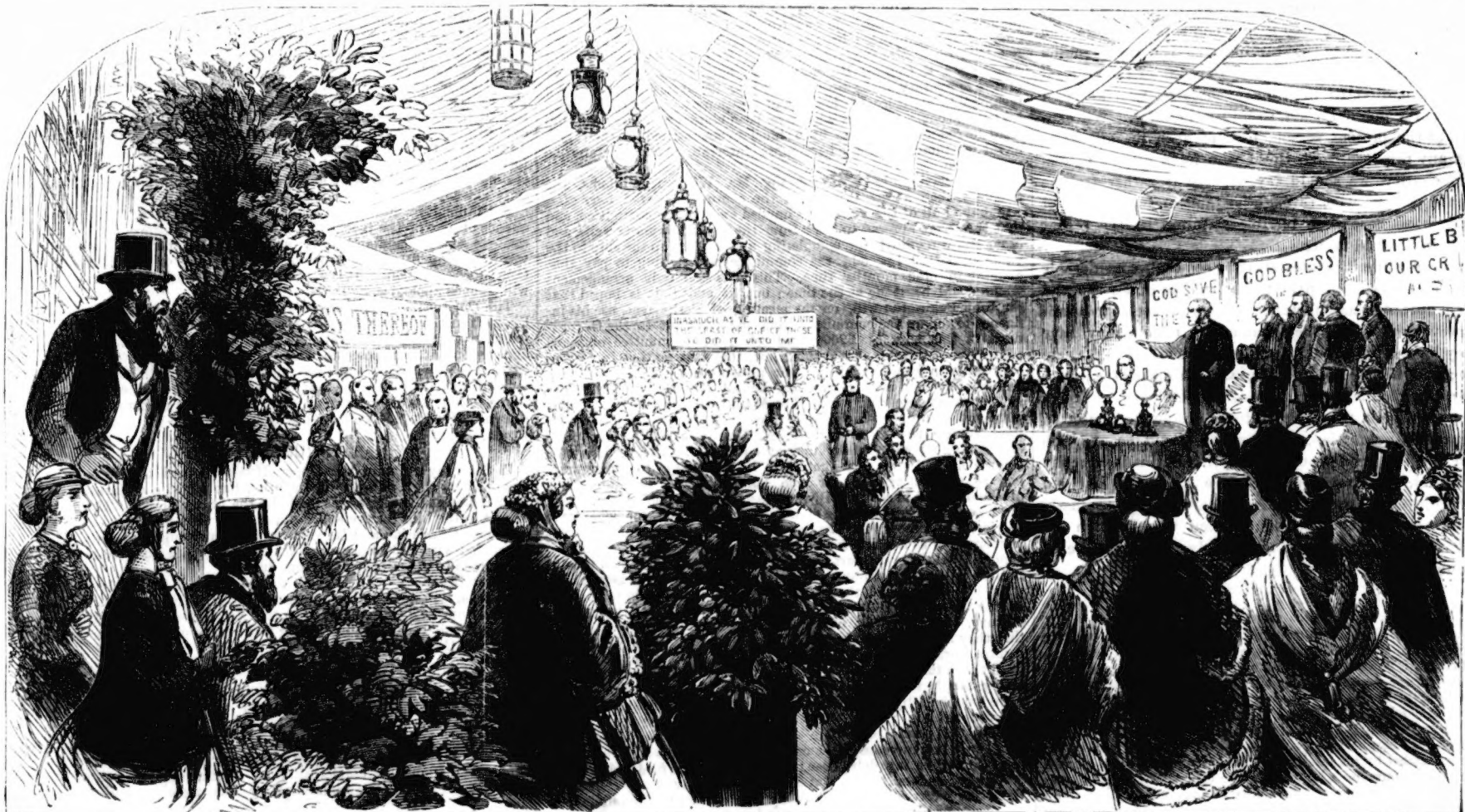
A QUESTION is now conspicuously before the public which will, perhaps, be recognised before long as of far more importance than that of Parliamentary Reform—of which, however, we are not at all disposed to underrate the value. But while one is only a theoretical question—for it is quite a matter of theory whether through a reduction of the suffrage we should or should not gain a better body of legislators than the House of Commons as at present constituted—the other is a question of immediate practical interest, and of unquestionable moment. The result of repeated strikes among ironworkers, engineers, and operatives of other kinds, has been to throw orders for machinery which might, and under ordinary circumstances would, have been executed in England into the hands of Frenchmen, Belgians, and Germans. We do not want to blame the operatives exclusively for this result. It is quite possible that the employers on their side may have been to blame; and if orders have been sent abroad through the fault of the workmen it may be said that hands to do the work have been driven out of this country through the fault of the masters. Thus, when the last great strike of the London engineers took place, numbers of men, after remaining weeks and months without occupation, at last sought work in Belgium. Probably they did not get better wages there than they would have obtained in England; but a certain amount of skilled labour was transferred from this to a rival country all the same. The cessation of work in England sent a number of orders abroad, and the emigration of many excellent workmen to the Continent had the effect of increasing the excellence of foreign workmanship. Whether



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

the masters or the men, then, be most to blame, the general result of their quarrels has been that a certain amount of work and a certain number of workmen are lost to England. Nothing suits our foreign rivals so well as that the manufacturing industry of this country should be hampered by a periodical recurrence of strikes or lock-outs; to them it matters not which, the one desideratum being that production in England should cease and that a certain number of producers should be at liberty to take employment abroad.

The question which we regard as so important to the interests of England is, whether any, and, if so, what, plan could be devised for settling these fatal disputes between employers and employed by which every branch of our manufacturing system is threatened. Either strikes or lock-outs, undertaken at short notice, so as to give neither masters, on the one hand, nor men, on the other, time to meet the blow ought to be treated as conspiracies; but even where the employed make up their minds deliberately beforehand, and give due notice that they will not work for less than a certain stipulated rate, and where the employers, giving also fair warning, resolve not to pay this rate, there ought still to be some tribunal to which appeal might be made. Nothing, we are aware, is so hateful to political economists as the notion of legal interference between employer and employed. It is argued that everything will be arranged at last if the contending parties are only left to themselves. But we see that, in practice, the desired arrangement very often fails to take place; and while the hitch lasts countries in which organised relations between capitalists and workmen exist profit by our industrial disorganisation. If the system of



INAUGURATION OF THE SHIP CHICHESTER AS A HOME FOR DESTITUTE BOYS.

trades' unions would only allow so equitable a course, it would be a good thing both for masters and men to sign contracts for long periods. Each quarter the rate of wages might be fixed by mutual consent. But as long as employers and employed are divided into two hostile armies, each bent on doing the greatest possible injury to the other, this would evidently be impossible.

It will not be easy to find the solution of the problem which is now troubling us. But in the meanwhile the more the tap of enlightened opinion is turned upon the subject the better. The question is one of great national importance, and ought to be considered without any reference whatever to politics. In fact, we defy any candid person to make a political question of it. If the trades' unions represented Radicalism, and the various bodies of associated masters Conservatism, it would be otherwise. But we know that the manufacturers, the contractors, and the other great employers of labour in Parliament, belong, for the most part, to the Liberal party; while the trade-unionists, on the *summa cunctis* principle—each one for his own trade—are Protectionists. If the labour and capital question were one that could be treated from a political point of view, what part of the contest would be assigned to such a man as Mr. Bright or the late Mr. Cobden? Mr. Bright, like other manufacturers, has suffered from strikes, and, in the opinion of his own carpet-weavers, has, no doubt, caused them; and it is notorious that he has always been opposed to combinations of workmen, and equally so to combinations on behalf of workmen. Mr. Bright voted against the Ten-Hours Bill and against the bill regulating the employment of children in factories; and he objects to all legislative interference with the rights of masters—if the faculty of engaging a man to work as long as he thinks fit be a right, which it certainly is thought to be in most occupations. Mr. Bright and Mr. George Potter agree in recommending, or rather in demanding, a reduction of the suffrage; but on the capital-and-labour question they are as antagonistic to one another as either of them is in politics to the Earl of Derby.

The ordinary reply of a partisan of the trade-union system, if anything be said against it, is that it, at least, has had the effect of sending up the rate of wages. That we readily admit. But the rate of wages may, through combination, be increased to such a height that the employer finds it to his interest to shut up his establishment rather than continue to pay them. It is in this manner, we are told, if we listen to the employers, that so many lock-outs—"lock-outs" being the exact counterpart of "strikes"—have been brought about. If there is a point at which the workman says, "Rather than accept such a wage as you offer I will not work at all," there is also a point at which the capitalist says, "Rather than pay away all my profits in the shape of wages I will cease to employ you." Without being at all prejudiced in favour of the masters—for we know from our own experience that there have been cases (as during the great Preston lock-out of ten years since) where the men have been willing to refer their claims to arbitration, and this reasonable proposition has been rejected by the masters—yet we fully believe that the increasing inability of English manufacturers to maintain their ground against their rivals on the Continent has been caused in a great measure by the artificial manner in which, through the operation of trades' unions, the rate of wages has been forced up. At a meeting held at Greenwich, just before Christmas, for the relief of the unemployed ship-builders, it was actually stated that, when three quarters of a day's work was offered to the starving men, the trades' union to which they belong took three days to consider the proposition, and then directed their liege subjects, who are now appealing to the public for aid, to refuse the offer. We cannot, even at the present season, look at such an appeal as meriting any response. To those who have money to distribute in charity, we should say, reserve it rather for the unfortunate persons who, through no fault or imprudence of their own, have been such terrible sufferers by the recent explosions in the coal-mines.

In the mean while it is interesting to see that considerable attention is already being paid to the subject of strikes and their effect upon our manufactures. Everyone seems to admit that, however disastrous their immediate effects may have been, they have often caused a permanent increase in the rate of wages; and, if they had only slightly diminished the profits of employers while increasing those of the employed, and if, in producing this result, they had led to no absolute cessation in the business of production, the question would be one with which no outsider need trouble himself. But, if it be really true that whole branches of manufacture for which England formerly enjoyed a special celebrity are being gradually thrown into the hands of foreigners, and this through the effect of strikes, the matter, undeniably, becomes one of national importance.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

It is not always the most brilliant men who do the greatest amount of good in the world, or whose memories live longest in the hearts of their fellows. The good man, who lived a life of practical benevolence and usefulness, is often remembered with love and reverence long after the names of contemporary brilliant meteors who have "rolled, blazed, destroyed," or have at least dazzled society, "are no more." To the good, though not brilliant, class of men Lord Shaftesbury emphatically belongs. Men have not been in the least degree dazzled by his intellectual qualities; but there are few men living who command a larger measure of respect, or who have more fairly earned the love and reverence of their countrymen, than he. A true social reformer, his work has not been so prominently brought before the world's eye as that of a Russell, a Cobden, a Peel, or a Gladstone; but it is not less warmly appreciated in the hearths and homes of England. Lord Shaftesbury has run a

thoroughly useful career, and the good he has done will endure, and be valued, long after he himself has ceased to take part in the affairs of men. We have much pleasure in placing before our readers a Portrait and brief memoir of the noble and—why should not such an addition be given to him?—philanthropic Lord.

The Right Hon. Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, was born April 28, 1801, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he obtained a first class in classics in 1822, graduated M.A. in 1832, and was created D.C.L. in 1841. In 1826, as Lord Ashley, he became member for Woodstock, and supported the Governments of Liverpool and Canning. In the succeeding administration of the Duke of Wellington he became a Commissioner of the Board of Control. In 1830 he was returned for the borough of Dorchester, and in 1831 for Dorset. He was a Lord of the Admiralty in Peel's brief Administration of 1834-5; and, on the death of the late Mr. Sadler, took charge of the Ten-Hours Bill in the House of Commons. When Sir R. Peel again took office, in 1841, Lord Ashley was invited to join the Administration, but refused upon finding that the Premier's views would not permit him to support the Ten-Hours Bill. In 1846 he resolved to support the measure for repealing the corn laws; but, out of regard to his constituents, who had elected him as a Tory, he resigned his seat and was for a short time out of Parliament. But in 1847 he contested Bath with Mr. Roebuck, the former member, and, being strongly supported by the religious societies, was returned. In 1851 he succeeded his father in the peerage. In public life his Lordship has always acted with great independence. The chief object for which he has laboured, in and out of Parliament, has been the improvement of the social position of the labouring classes; no man having taken more pains to inform himself of the actual condition of the mass of the people in England and to endeavour to ameliorate their condition than the noble Earl. His influence with the Evangelical party within the Church of England is very considerable. He is president of the Bible Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and was formerly President of the Protestant Alliance. He is also a prominent member of all those religious societies which are founded on a broad basis, and is an active advocate of the abolition of slavery throughout the world.

The latest work in which the noble and philanthropic Lord has been engaged is duly recorded in another article.

THE HOMELESS BOYS OF LONDON.

THE ceremony of inaugurating her Majesty's ship *Chichester* as a training-school for the homeless boys of London took place on Dec. 18, in one of the dry docks in Mr. Green's shipbuilding yard, Poplar. The movement, of which the constitution of the *Chichester* as a school for nautical instruction is an extension, began in July, 1852, when a refuge for homeless and destitute boys was opened at 19, Broad-street, Bloomsbury. At first only six could be received; but, as the funds of the refuge were augmented, the number was increased, so that in 1857 the present premises, at 8, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, were taken, and since that time the returns show that about one hundred strays and waifs of the London streets have been received weekly into this admirable institution. Since the establishment of the refuge down to the end of the year 1865 1016 boys were admitted, and during the same period 758 left for the Navy and merchant services, for situations at home, and for emigration to the colonies. During the present year, in consequence of revelations which showed that boys of tender years were obliged to associate with men of the most debased character in the casual wards of the metropolitan workhouses to which they were compelled to have recourse for shelter, the promoters of the refuge resolved on making a strenuous effort to rescue as many of these poor children as their influence could reach from the contaminating evils to which they were exposed. Accordingly, on the 14th of February last, an invitation was given to the boys accustomed to sleep in the casual wards of London and other nightly haunts to come to supper at the refuge, and nearly 200 accepted the invitation. During the evening Lord Shaftesbury, who presided, having questioned the boys as to their mode of life, asked them if they would be willing to go on board a ship if such were provided for them, and the hands of nearly all the poor and destitute guests were held up as an answer to the inquiry. Among those who accepted the invitation of the committee there were few who were not suffering from some infirmity, and we were struck ourselves by the large proportion of them who were lame. Ophthalmia was perceptible in the tender eyes of many, while skin diseases had manifestly set their mark on almost all. Some had lost one or both parents, or had been deserted; others had never known their fathers or mothers. They slept at night in the casual wards, under sheds, on doorsteps, on carts or waggons—in fact, wherever they could rest their heads, after trying to eke out existence during the day. The *Chichester* was arrayed in her gayest bunting, and an awning, on which the flags of all nations were tastefully distributed, was erected over the whole length of the upper deck, on which the ceremony of inauguration was held. At two o'clock Lord Shaftesbury took the chair, being supported by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., President of the Board of Trade; Mr. R. Culling Hanbury, M.P., and others, while the body of the temporary inclosure was filled to its utmost capacity by a fashionable audience of ladies and gentlemen. On his Lordship taking the chair, the boys who have been chosen to occupy the ship were introduced, and the little bluejackets, attired in their new naval costume, presented a most interesting and picturesque appearance.

Prayer having been offered up, Mr. William Williams, the secretary, read a report, in which the committee stated, *inter alia*, "that the hull of the vessel was handed over to the committee, and that they were allowed to draw from the dockyard masts, sails, and other stores required for completing and fitting up the ship to the value of £2129 15s. 8d., the committee undertaking to pay that amount in nine months' time. This was the only arrangement which could be made at the time; but, it added, it is hoped that Sir John Pakington will, on the meeting of Parliament, use his influence to relieve the committee from the payment to the Government of this sum of £2000, and when the committee obtained possession of the ship, in October last, they lost no time in getting the works in hand, and it is their pleasing duty to mention that immediately the matter was laid before Mr. Henry Green that gentleman at once kindly offered to do all the work required to complete and fit up the ship at cost price. The committee also tender their sincere thanks to Mr. W. N. Bullivant for certain parts of the rigging supplied by him at cost price. The vessel is now complete, and we are gathered here to-day to inaugurate her as a training-ship for the homeless and destitute boys of London, and to seek the Divine blessing on this noble effort, which must be looked upon as one of a national character, for, whether it be viewed as a means for rescuing the waifs and strays of this great metropolis or as a means for supplying the diminution of seamen so generally felt in every part of our country, the work which is established this day must prove beneficial to the country at large; and, when it is remembered that this is the first training-ship established in the River Thames for this class of boys within the present century, the committee cannot but be thankful to Almighty God that they have been the humble instruments in setting on foot so great a work. There are at the present time 160 boys in the refuge; from this number fifty have been selected as the first members of the happy family who shall take possession of this new home. Fifty more could easily be added to the number from the present inmates of the refuge; but until the funds for the maintenance of the boys are contributed the committee feel they must not increase the number beyond fifty, as it is their wish to avoid getting into debt, even though it be for the food and clothing of these homeless boys. But the committee have every confidence that this effort will be thoroughly appreciated by the public, and especially by all who are interested in keeping up our naval and merchant services, and that it will not be long before the committee have funds subscribed to support the 200 boys for whom provision is made in this vessel. The boys will be under the control of the

Commander, Captain A. H. Alsten, R.N., and every care will be taken that the lads will not only be initiated in all that is necessary to fit them for a seafaring life, but the religious and secular instruction they will receive will be of that character, and that only, which will fit them for performing their duty to God and their duty to their fellow-men. The boys will attend family worship morning and evening; Divine service will be conducted on board every Lord's day. It must be borne in mind that this ship is not for criminals, but for those homeless and destitute ones who, unless taken by the hand, would soon drift into the criminal and dangerous classes. The committee had hoped that they would have been able to have established the country home for one hundred boys as well as this ship; but at present nothing has been definitely settled on this point for the want of funds; one gentleman has promised £1000 if this scheme can be carried out. In conclusion, the committee would just mention they are not expending all their energies on boys. The wants of destitute girls are ever before them. Besides the boys' refuge, in Great Queen-street, and this training-ship, the committee support two homes for girls, each containing forty inmates, and they trust that the claims of these helpless ones will not be forgotten this Christmas. In addition to all the refuge operations, the committee manage and support five day and six night ragged schools, wherein upwards of 1000 poor children receive gratuitous education. The committee therefore earnestly appeal for funds for the ship, as well as all the other works of usefulness they have in hand."

Lord Shaftesbury then proceeded to address the meeting. He said he felt unspeakable delight and gratitude at seeing so large an assemblage around him, notwithstanding the time of the year and the distance from town of the place in which they were collected. It betokened a vast amount of feeling and sympathy with the work they had in hand, and God grant that their feeling and sympathy be matured into practice, to sustain the institution amidst all the difficulties which surrounded it. He could by his own experience support the statement made by Mr. Williams, whose zeal in this good cause could not be overrated. What that statement said of the miserable condition of the boys of London was far below the mark. This project was no longer an experiment; its efficacy had been proved. Take the most naked, ragged, wretched children of the streets, breathe upon them the breath of life, and they became equal to the highest in the land. A year ago a large number were taken into the refuge, and seventy or eighty added every week at haphazard. What was the result? That not a single act of insubordination was recorded. It had been said that the children of the poor should have recourse to industrial and certified schools. Where were the industrial and certified schools? After all the inquiries they were able to make they were not able to find more than two for the population of 3,000,000 souls in the metropolis; 400 could be received on board the *Chichester*, and 200 could be sent away every year to recruit the number of our active seamen. He trusted the time was near at hand when the English sailor would be remarkable, not for drunkenness and insubordination, but for sobriety and self-control.

Sir Stafford Northcote, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Sheriff Waterlow having addressed the meeting, the proceedings closed with three cheers for Lord Shaftesbury. The ship will shortly leave the dock and go to Greenwich, that being the spot appointed for her destination.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Again we have a semi-official assurance that the visit of the Empress of the French to Rome is postponed. It is not difficult to imagine that the proposed visit is beset with dangers to the peace of Rome and is likely to cause much exasperation in Italy. How to obviate these, and yet yield to the desire of the Empress to go to Rome, is, no doubt, a matter of grave consideration with the Emperor; and his inability to settle the question is the reason, in all probability, of the contradictory reports published from day to day. One thing is certain, that the Empress will not go to Rome, unless the visit can be made without giving rise to disorder and ill-feeling.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

A dispute has arisen between the Governments of Belgium and Holland as to payment of the Scheldt dues. In the Senate at Brussels, on Saturday last, M.M. Hoffschmidt, Tkint, and Michelo-Loos made speeches urging the Government to act with firmness in this question. M. Logier, Minister for Foreign Affairs, declared that, if Holland refused to recognise the rights of Belgium, the Belgian Government would refer the question to the guaranteeing Powers.

ITALY.

The Italian Budget for 1866-7 is not a very promising document, for it shows a very dreary deficit. It is divided into two parts—one relating to Venetia, the other to the rest of the kingdom. For Venetia the total receipts are given at 76,502,338 lire, and the expenditure at 54,302,338 lire, leaving a surplus of 22,200,000 lire. But for the rest of the kingdom the figures show a widely different result. The total revenue is given at 788,900,078 lire, and the total expenditure at 997,566,612 lire, leaving a deficit of 208,666,534 lire. Taking the two parts together, the deficit is 186,466,334 lire—a formidable amount. It must be borne in mind, however, that Italy is only just out of a war, and that her resources have yet to be fully developed.

A "difficulty" has arisen between Italy and Turkey, in consequence of one of the blockading ships having detained an Italian mail-steamer in Candian waters; and it is stated that two vessels of war are being fitted out to support the demand of the Florentine Court for reparation. It is expected that the Turkish Government will at once apologise.

The *Opinione*, of Florence, publishes a letter from Rome, dated the 20th inst., which states that Signor Tonello has had several conferences with Cardinal Antonelli, but that the Court of Rome appears but little disposed to come to an arrangement. The same letter says—"France supports the efforts of the Italian Government, which up to the present, however, have remained without result. Counsels arrive from all parts in favour of moderation being shown by the Pope. The Pope has declared that he will not abandon Rome."

PRUSSIA.

In Saturday's sitting the Upper House adopted the Budget as amended by the Chamber of Deputies, but added a declaration of their regret at the alterations made by the Lower House. They also agreed to the bills for the annexation of the Elbe duchies and the portions of Bavarian and Hessian territory, and approved the treaty concluded with Oldenburg, together with the indemnity to be paid by Prussia to the Sovereign of that duchy.

Count Bismarck, who is about to go to France for the benefit of his health, will not take his departure from Berlin before the close of the Ministerial conferences upon the North German Constitution. It is even believed probable that he will remain until the opening of the North German Parliament.

AUSTRIA.

Baron von Beust has been on a visit to Pesth to exercise his influence with the leading members of the Hungarian Diet. The Tavernicus entertained Baron Beust at a dinner, at which a number of the most prominent members of both Houses of the Diet were present. Previous to his departure Baron Beust, replying to a deputation from the municipality of Pesth, declared that the appointment of a Hungarian Ministry was merely a question of time.

The city of Fiume intends sending a numerous deputation to Pesth to congratulate the municipality upon the prospect of the speedy formation of a Hungarian Ministry. This intention is strongly opposed by the Croatian party in Fiume.

RUSSIA.

The following medical bulletin was published at St. Petersburg on Tuesday:—"Prince Gortschakoff's health, which was lately such as to afford serious ground for alarm, is now much more satisfactory, and all danger has passed away."

CRETE.

Intelligence from Athens states that Mustapha Pacha had attacked the Cretan insurgents at Caros, and had been defeated. The defeat is represented as being of much importance in a strategic point of view. From Constantinople we learn that at Salfos continual engagements take place between the insurgents and the Imperial troops. The blockading squadron has been strengthened, and the greatest activity is being displayed by the Turkish Admiral.

THE UNITED STATES.

We have intelligence from New York to the 15th inst. The House of Representatives had passed the bill excluding from the next Congress the representatives from all States not recognised by the present Congress. Both Houses of Congress had passed, by a two-thirds vote, the bill granting the suffrage, irrespective of colour, within the district of Columbia. Several bills introduced into Congress for supplying territorial governments to Southern States had been referred to a joint committee of reconstruction.

Great lawlessness prevailed in Missouri, and the laws were enforced in several counties under military auspices.

The frigate *Susquehanna*, with General Sherman and Minister Campbell on board, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 27th ult. An offer made by French officials of an escort to the city of Mexico was declined by General Sherman. The *Susquehanna* left Vera Cruz on the 3rd inst. for Brazos, Texas, from which place Sherman, after an interview with Sheridan, set out for Monterey, via Matamoros. Sherman, however, almost immediately returned to the United States territory; and we learn by Atlantic telegraph that Minister Campbell had returned to New Orleans. His mission was believed to have been a failure.

A Fenian privateer was reported to have escaped from Newby Port, and a British war-vessel had started in pursuit.

MEXICO.

Advices received at New York from Mexico report the Imperialists to have evacuated Durango, San Luis Potosi, and Mazatlan. Maximilian was at Puebla on Nov. 29, en route for the capital. It is reported that the Church party had guaranteed him 25,000,000 dols. on condition that he would remain at the head of the Government. Several Republican commanders had withdrawn their opposition to him.

A proclamation has been issued at Vera Cruz declaring that the Emperor Maximilian has not left Mexico. The Emperor is reported to have offered to turn the government over to Miramon, Marquez, and Marin, and appeal to the popular vote to decide upon a new Government.

THE COREA.

Some months since certain French missionaries and others were murdered by the people of the Corea, and later still the American schooner *General Sherman* was burned and all on board murdered near the same spot. Passengers and crew were tied on their berths and burned with the ship. To obtain redress for these outrages we learn that a French fleet, consisting of one frigate, three corvettes, and four gun-boats, left for Corea on the 11th of October, and on the 15th entered the town of Kanghoa, some distance up a river, described as a small place of only 10,000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom deserted the town on the approach of the French. The fact of the murder of the missionaries is fully admitted by the Coreans, and a mandarin who was captured and taken on board the Admiral's ship seemed to glory in the fact. The King invited the French Admiral to proceed to the capital to negotiate; but this was declined, as a trap was suspected, and a despatch was sent instead, in which demands were made for punishment of the mandarins who had instigated the murders, and for the appointment of a plenipotentiary. News had been brought to the French by a Corean convert that junk containing stones had been sunk in the river Seoul, between Kanghoa and the capital, and that the Viceroy had dispatched an army 15,000 strong to attack the invaders. The Seoul is officially declared under blockade by the French.

BISMARCK'S POLICY.

The following speech was delivered by Count Bismarck in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies on the 20th inst.:

The European system of 1815 meant a defensive system against France. It afforded security to Prussia, but at the same time restricted her action; it fell in consequence of the policy followed since 1850 by Austria towards Prussia, and the Crimean War. The subsequent situation has been such that Prussia seemed to have need of support against France, and Austria and the secondary States then speculated on the disposition of Prussia to make concessions. But, in reality, Prussia had no need of being supported against France, and there were no natural causes of hostility between these two countries; for, unlike former French Governments, the Emperor Napoleon desired in his wisdom to remain in harmony with Prussia. Their interests are the same—France, like Prussia, being desirous of promoting in common the development of civilisation. An independent Prussia could not enter into such relations with France. This is a truth which could not be admitted to the same extent by all the Emperor's subjects. But we have official relations only with the French Government. In order to walk side by side in this way of progress, the interests of the two nations require kind and reciprocal forbearance. Now, what are in general, and without stopping at the chance clash of passing events, the interests of France with regard to Germany? Divesting ourselves of all German prejudices, let us consider them from a purely French point of view, which is the only mode of judging justly of the interests of others. France could not desire that there should be formed in Germany a preponderant German Power united under the head of Austria—an empire of 75,000,000, an Austria extending to the Rhine, and against which a France ever extending itself to the Rhine would not form a sufficient counterpoise. For a France desirous of living in harmony with Germany it is an advantage that Austria should not form a portion of that Germany; for the interests of France are found to be in collision at several points, whether in Italy or in the East, with the interests of Austria. On the other hand, points of contact of a nature to produce hostile conflicts are far less numerous between France and a Germany separated from Austria. Moreover, it is not the interest of France to have a neighbour with which it can live in peace, and against which 35,000,000 or 38,000,000 of Frenchmen are perfectly capable of making head in a defensive war? I think that, in a just appreciation of her interests, France could not allow Prussia any more than Austria to disappear as a Power. Furthermore, the policy of France is based upon the principle of nationalities; and for this reason she showed herself in 1864 less hostile to the pretensions of Germany to Schleswig-Holstein than any other Power. Prussia has always declared that she would not consent to compromise her line of defence, but that she might take into account the reasonable and proved wishes of the population. I have always been of opinion that a population which strongly desired to be neither Prussian nor German, but to belong to a neighbouring State, could not augment our strength. Such was the state of things when France was induced by the events in the month of July in this year to emphasise her desires by an unusual pressure. I have no need of drawing a picture of the situation; it is sufficiently well known, and nobody could wish to ask Prussia to burden herself at the same time with two great European wars, or to compromise, at the moment when she was engaged in one of those wars and when she was not yet assured of the result, her relations with the other great Powers. In these circumstances France was called in by Austria as a mediator in the difference; she had, therefore, a legitimate ground for insisting on her opinion. Nobody can blame France for having taken into account the exigencies of her own policy; I think it is still too soon for the public to judge whether she has urged her opinion with moderation, and I must beg of you to leave to the Government the appreciation of this incident. It was a question for us whether the intervention of France, offered us. Our decision had to be guided by the general situation of Europe. We could confidently reckon upon Italy, whose unalterable fidelity to treaties I cannot sufficiently praise—a fidelity which affords the best hope for the future. But for all this it would not have been wise to stretch the bow to the breaking point, and risk all that we have acquired for some secondary concessions. I therefore advised His Majesty to accept the clause in the Treaty of Prague as it has been drawn up, in order not to place the whole in jeopardy. This clause in its actual form allows a certain latitude; but the Government can in no case refuse to fulfil the engagements which it has contracted, and, in accepting the bill as it has been drawn by the commission, it must protest against any intention of withdrawing from its international obligations in consequence of a decision of this Chamber. We must take care that no doubt should exist as to the freedom of the vote to be

given by the inhabitants of North Schleswig. I do not know whether this discussion will be prolonged, or whether it is to be wound up with a motion. In the first case, I beg of members not to take advantage of this discussion in order to make attacks more or less hostile, but to turn their regards exclusively abroad, and not to forget the necessity of remaining with our ranks closed and our eyes fixed externally, in order to protect our interests.

A FREE CHURCH IN A FREE STATE.

THE Bishops who were exiled from their sees by decree of the Italian Government, and subsequently took up their residence at Rome, addressed a letter to Baron Ricasoli, after the issue of his circular of the 22nd of October. The Bishops were under the impression that the permission to return announced in the Ministerial circular did not apply to those ecclesiastics residing in Rome, and complained of this exclusion in their letter to the President of the Council.

Baron Ricasoli's reply bears date Nov. 26, and is as follows:—
Monsignor, I have only to-day received the letter which you have done me the honour to address to me from Rome, bearing date the 15th inst., on the subject of the recall of the Bishops to their sees. This letter was doubly agreeable to me from the important reasons for which your Lordships approve that measure, and in which I am happy to concur with you; and from the request that the permission to return to their dioceses, conceded to the Bishops by the circular of Oct. 22, should be also extended to the Bishops residing at Rome, thus demonstrating your good will and reverence towards the institutions and the laws under whose shadow you desire to live. I rejoice that I anticipated your wishes in this matter and interpreted your sentiments aright by deciding on the same day as that on which your letter was dispatched that the exemption complained of should be removed. Of this I believe your Lordships will already have had full and official cognisance.

The decision adopted by the Government arises, as your Lordships state, from the desire that perfect liberty in the relations between Church and State should pass from the abstract region of principle in which it had hitherto remained into the reality of fact. The Government therefore, no less earnestly than your Lordships, desires that Italy may very soon enjoy the magnificent and imposing religious spectacle now afforded to the free citizens of the United States of America by the National Council of Baltimore, wherein religious doctrines are freely discussed, and whose decisions, approved by the Pope, will be proclaimed and executed in every town and village, without *exequatur* or *placet*. I therefore beg your Lordships to consider that it is liberty which has produced this admirable spectacle; liberty professed and respected by all, in principle and in fact, in its amplest application to civil, political, and social life. In the United States every citizen is free to follow the persuasion that he may think best, and to worship the Divinity in the form that may seem to him most appropriate. Side by side with the Catholic Church rises the Protestant temple, the Moslem mosque, the Chinese pagoda. Side by side with the Romish clergy the Genevan consistory and the Methodist assembly discharge their office. This state of things generates neither confusion nor clashing. And why is this? Because no religion asks either special protection or privileges from the State. Each lives, develops, and is followed under the protection of the common law, and the law, equally respected by all, guarantees to all an equal liberty.

The Italian Government wishes to demonstrate as far as possible that it has faith in liberty, and is desirous of applying it to the greatest extent compatible with the interests of public order. It therefore calls upon the Bishops to return to their sees, whence they were removed by those very motives of public order. It makes no condition save that one incumbent upon every citizen who desires to live peaceably—namely, that he should confine himself to his own duty and observe the laws. The State will ensure that he be neither disturbed nor hindered; but let him not demand privileges if he wishes no bonds. The principle of every free State, that the law is equal for all, admits of no distinction of any kind. The Government would be glad to cast off all suspicion and abandon every precaution, and if it does not now wholly act up to this wish it is because the principle of liberty which it has adopted and put into practice is not equally adopted and practised by the clergy. Let your Lordships remark the difference between the condition of the Church in America and the condition of the Church in Europe. In those virgin regions the Church is established amidst a new society, but which carried with it from the mother country all the elements of civil life. Representing the purest and most sacred of the social elements, the religious feeling which sanctions right and sanctifies duty and carries human aspirations far above all earthly things, the Church has there sought only that empire pleasing to God, the empire of souls. Companion of liberty, the Church has grown beneath its shelter, and has found all that sufficed for free development and the tranquil and fecund exercise of its ministry. It has never sought to deny to others the liberty which it enjoyed, nor to turn to its exclusive advantage the institutions which protected it.

In Europe, on the other hand, the Church arose with the decadence of the great empire that had subjugated the earth. It became constituted amid the political and social cataclysms of the barbarous ages, and was compelled to form an organisation strong enough to resist the shipwreck of all civilisation amid the rising flood of brute force and violence.

But while the world, emerging from the chaos of the Middle Ages, re-entered the path of progress marked out by God, the Church impressed upon all having any relation with it the immobility of the dogma entrusted to its guardianship. It viewed with suspicion the growth of intelligence and the multiplication of social forces, and declared itself the enemy of all liberty, denying the first and most incontestable of all, the liberty of conscience.

Hence arose the conflict between the ecclesiastical and the civil power, since the former represented subjection and immobility, and the latter liberty and progress. The conflict, from peculiar circumstances, has greater proportions in Italy, because the Church, thinking that a kingdom was necessary to the independent exercise of its spiritual ministry, found that kingdom in Italy. The ecclesiastical power, from the same reason, is here in contradiction not only with the civil power but national right. From these causes originated the distrust and precaution described in my circular, which provoked your censure, but which were only dictated by necessity. The Bishops cannot be considered among us as simple pastors of souls, since they are at the same time the instruments and defenders of a power at variance with the national aspirations. The civil power is therefore constrained to impose those measures upon the Bishops which are necessary to preserve its rights and those of the nation.

How is it possible to terminate this deplorable and perilous conflict between the two powers—between Church and State? Liberty can alone bring us to that happy state of things which your Lordships consider so enviable in America. Let us render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's, and peace between Church and State will be troubled no more. I desired to pay deference to these principles in removing the prohibition to the return of the Bishops and their residence in their sees. I believe that liberty is good in professional practice, and, further, that it has the virtue of converting those who are called to enjoy its benefits. I trust that your Lordships, returning to your dioceses with the sincere sentiment of respect for the law expressed in your letter, among a people who wish to remain Catholic without relinquishing the rights and aspirations of the nation to which they belong, will bless that liberty which protects them, and upon which the reconciliation of interests hitherto appearing irreconcilable can alone be based.

RICASOLI.

A POOR MAN, named Honey, and his four children, had worked for ninety-six consecutive hours in making floral wreaths for the pantomimes. Their labours were then suddenly put a stop to by the upsetting of a candle, which simple accident resulted in the burning to death of one of the unfortunate man's children and the destruction of the whole fruits of their toil.

DEATH OF A DESCENDANT OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—The Madrid papers announce the death of the Duke of Veragua, a grandee of Spain of the first class. The Paris papers, in reproducing the news, describe him as "Admiral and Governor-General of the Indies." These were merely titles which he inherited from his ancestor, Christopher Columbus, or Christoval Colon, as he is called in Spain. It is known that Columbus left two sons, Ferdinand and Diego—the former illegitimate, who inherited much of his father's genius, of whom he left a valuable memoir. The neglect and ingratitude with which the great discoverer was treated by King Ferdinand, after the death of Isabella, is a matter of history. His illegitimate son, Diego, after a long and tedious lawsuit against the Crown, obtained a decision from the Council of the Indies that he was entitled to the privileges and titles conferred upon his father. Diego left two sons and three daughters. His widow continued the struggle in defence of the rights of her eldest son, Luis, then only six years of age. She left St. Domingo, where she was on the death of her husband, and arrived in Spain. The title of Admiral of the Indies was immediately conferred upon him by Charles V., who augmented his revenues, but set up opposition to his claim to the viceroyalty of the province of Veragua. The claims were at last commuted for the titles of the Duke of Veragua, Admiral of the Indies, and Marquis of Jamaica. Don Luis left no issue, and was succeeded by his nephew, Diego, son of his brother Christopher. Diego married his cousin, Philippa; but he also died without issue, and with him the legitimate male line of Columbus became extinct. A long lawsuit ensued among the surviving members of the family. The cause lasted for thirty years, and was finally decided by the Council of the Indies in 1698, who formally declared the male line extinct. Nuno G-ives de Portugal, grandson of Isabella, third daughter of Diego, son of Columbus, was put in possession of the titles and estates, and became Duke of Veragua, Isabella having married George of Portugal, Count of Gelves; and thus those titles and estates passed into a branch of the house of Braganza established in Spain. It is from this branch that the Duke whose death is just announced was descended. His titles were—Don Pedro de Portugal, Colon, Duque de Veragua, Marques de Jamaica y Almirante de las Indias.

THE RAILWAY BETWEEN BADAJOZ AND LISBON.

In a previous Number we gave an illustration of one of the most romantic spots traversed by the new Spanish railway, and our present Engraving represents an incident in the recent inauguration of the line just completed from Badajoz to Lisbon, and uniting Spain and Portugal by a three-days' journey.

The line was already at work between Madrid and Ciudad Reale and between Badajoz and Lisbon, and nothing remained to be done but to cross a lagoon separating the capital of La Mancha from that of Estramadura in order to complete the distance between the two chief cities of the Iberian peninsula.

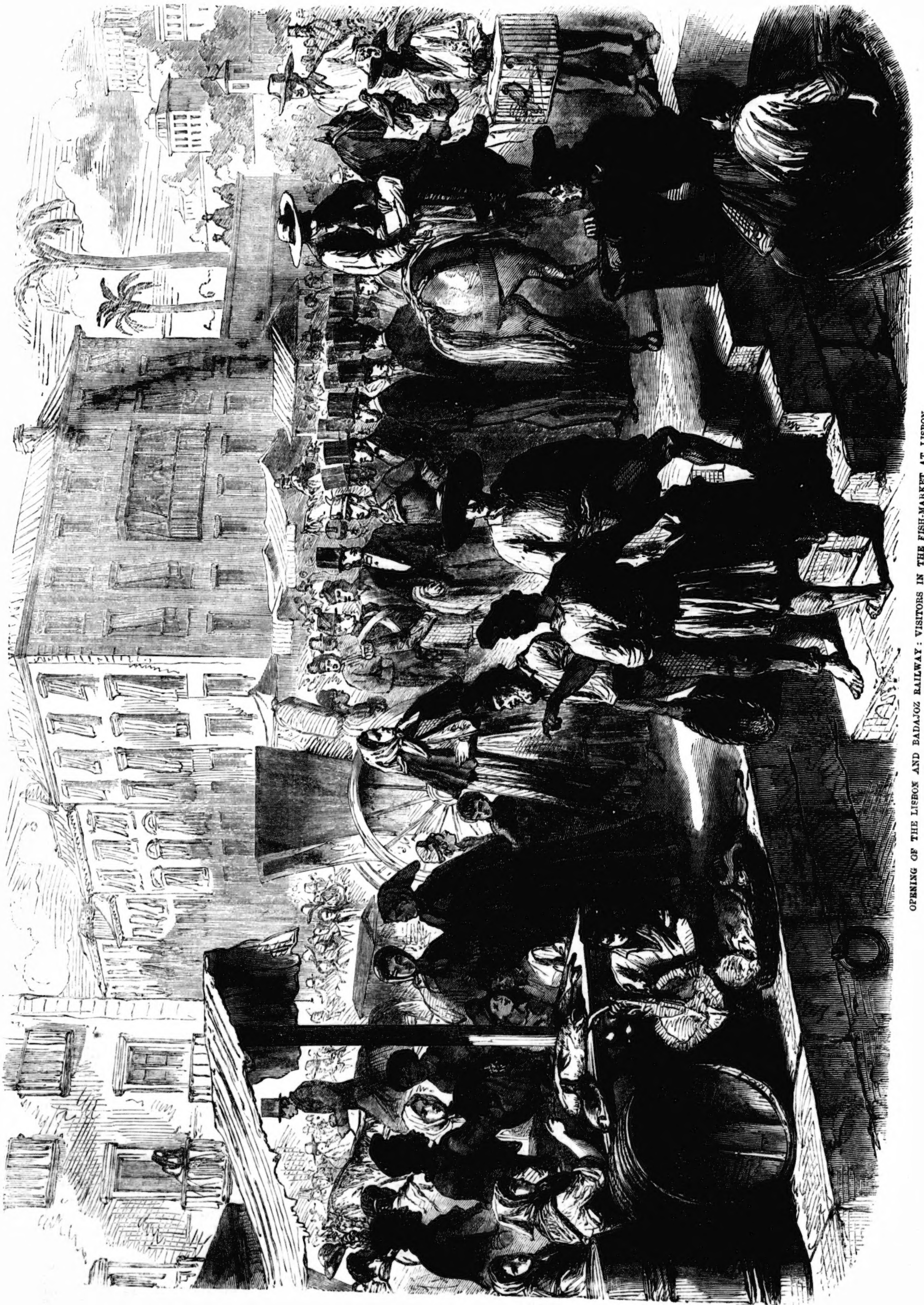
After the line had been surveyed by the French engineer, M. Rey, and by M. Ducros, director of the works, an inauguration train set out in the evening from Madrid, carrying about 200 guests, including the Minister of Public Works, the chairman of the company, senators, deputies, councillors of State, general officers, naval authorities, and other high functionaries. On arriving at Ciudad Reale, at four o'clock the next morning, they were received by the authorities, and went out to inspect the mercury-mines, for which the bare and sterile province is celebrated. From Serena, which was their next station, to Don Benito, the scenery is composed of prairies where the merino sheep of Seville graze in vast flocks; on the right lies Medellin, noted for still containing the house where the immortal Fernando Cortez was born, and a little below this place the line crosses the Guadiana by a fine iron bridge. At Merida the train stayed a few minutes to allow the party to see the celebrated Roman bridge of sixty-six arches, and the famous ruins of Emerita Augusta, the ancient capital of Lusitania. At half-past five the travellers reached Badajoz, illustrious for its strength and for the sieges in which the English bore so prominent a part. Here the party were received by the Spanish Ambassador, who had come from Lisbon to meet them, and their Excellencies the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, the Marine, and Public Works of Portugal. A magnificent banquet had been prepared by the railway directors; and, after the "usual loyal and patriotic toasts," the party proceeded on their journey at midnight, and in a few minutes had crossed the frontier, and, leaving Elvas, Porto-Allegro, and Crato (once the residence of the Prior of the Order of Malta, who pretended to the throne after the death of Cardinal Don Enrique), they reached the town of Abrantes, where the railway crosses the Tagus at the confluence of the Zereze by means of a magnificent bridge of immense span, which is one of the most striking works on the whole line. Here the train stopped, that the party might enjoy the magnificent panorama presented on both banks of the river. At the following station the line divides, one branch going to Coimbra and its celebrated University, and abutting on the Douro at Oporto, where it will probably have a great effect on the wine trade by affording increased facilities for traffic; the main line goes on past Santarem, and, winding along the right bank of the Tagus, terminates at the grand station at Lisbon. Having arrived at the end of their journey at eleven o'clock in the morning, the visitors were welcomed with the greatest hospitality, and during the day the King and Queen of Portugal received the Spanish Ministers at the Palace of Ajuda. In the evening they were invited to a banquet by the Foreign Minister, and on the following day a reception was held at the Spanish Legation. During this time the ordinary visitors strolled about the city, and made acquaintance with the various public buildings and other interesting localities of which it is so full, and one of which—the principal market of Lisbon—was all day in a state of excitement in consequence of the presence of so many distinguished strangers.

A GIRL NAMED FRIER drowned herself in the Regent's Canal, the other day, because her parents had forbidden her to keep company with a young man between whom and herself a warm attachment existed.

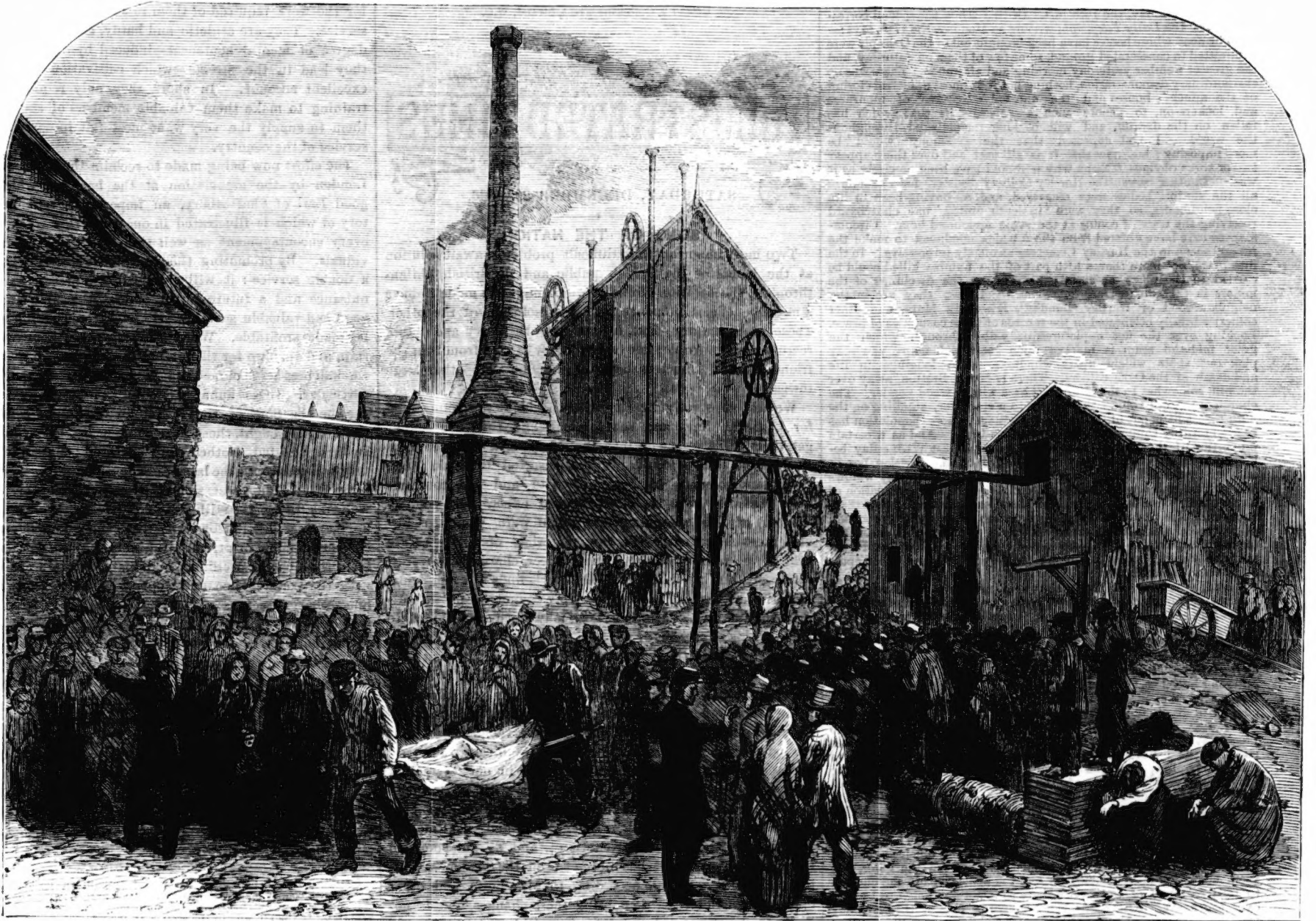
FATAL GAS EXPLOSION.—A shocking accident happened on Saturday evening last, in Somerset-street, one of the narrow thoroughfares between Leather-lane and Saffron-hill. The workmen had been engaged during the day in repairing the gas-mains in the street. They left work about two o'clock, when, as they thought, all was safe. There must have been, however, a formidable escape of gas, which found its way into an adjoining house, for just before six o'clock an explosion took place which tumbled to the ground Nos. 4 and 5 in the street. Several people were in the houses at the time, and were more or less injured. One poor lad—an Italian—was taken out of the ruins dead, and two more of the sufferers—a man and a woman—died in the hospital on Sunday.

THE ATLANTIC YACHT-RACE.—On the 11th inst. three yachts, the *Vesta*, the *Fleetwing*, and the *Henrietta*, sailed by signal from off Stapleton, Staten Island, New York, to race for the Isle of Wight. The stakes, which are to be taken by the yacht arriving first, are 30,000 dols. (£18,000). The start for this sail across the Atlantic took place at a few minutes before one in the afternoon. Captain Dearing, the starter, was on board a tug-boat, the *Rambler*. The three little vessels lay ready to commence their adventure, when a premonitory gun was fired. The *Fleetwing* was stationed about a mile to the eastward of the Hook, well off; the *Henrietta* was nearest to the shore; and midway between the two the *Vesta* was placed. The weather was splendid; the wind W. by S.W., moderate, but sufficient. Many yachts were sailing round about the competitors. As the warning gun sounded, simultaneously forefalls and topails went up on all three of the contending ships. Almost before the wind could fill these sails the final signal was made, each of the rivals answered with a very cloud of canvas, and the race was begun by each yacht with mainsail, foresail, main gaff-topail, and three jibs. The *Vesta* slipped off first, followed instantly by the *Fleetwing*; the *Henrietta*, nearer the shore, for a little time was scouted of wind; but, without any important delay, she got it, and then ploughed away in fine style. So they went upon their course, due E.N.E., apparently keeping an even position till they passed out of sight. The race has been won by the *Henrietta*. She arrived off Cowes on Tuesday evening at twenty minutes to six o'clock. The *Henrietta* is the property of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the son of the proprietor of the *New York Herald*. She is described as being a most beautifully-modelled schooner. She was not at first entered for the race, the match being made between the *Vesta* and the *Fleetwing*. However, on paying down her stakes (30,000 dols.), she was admitted to the race, and, as we have seen, has won it. The *Fleetwing* and *Vesta* both arrived at Cowes within a short time of the *Henrietta* and of each other. Much interest has been taken in the event, both here and in America.

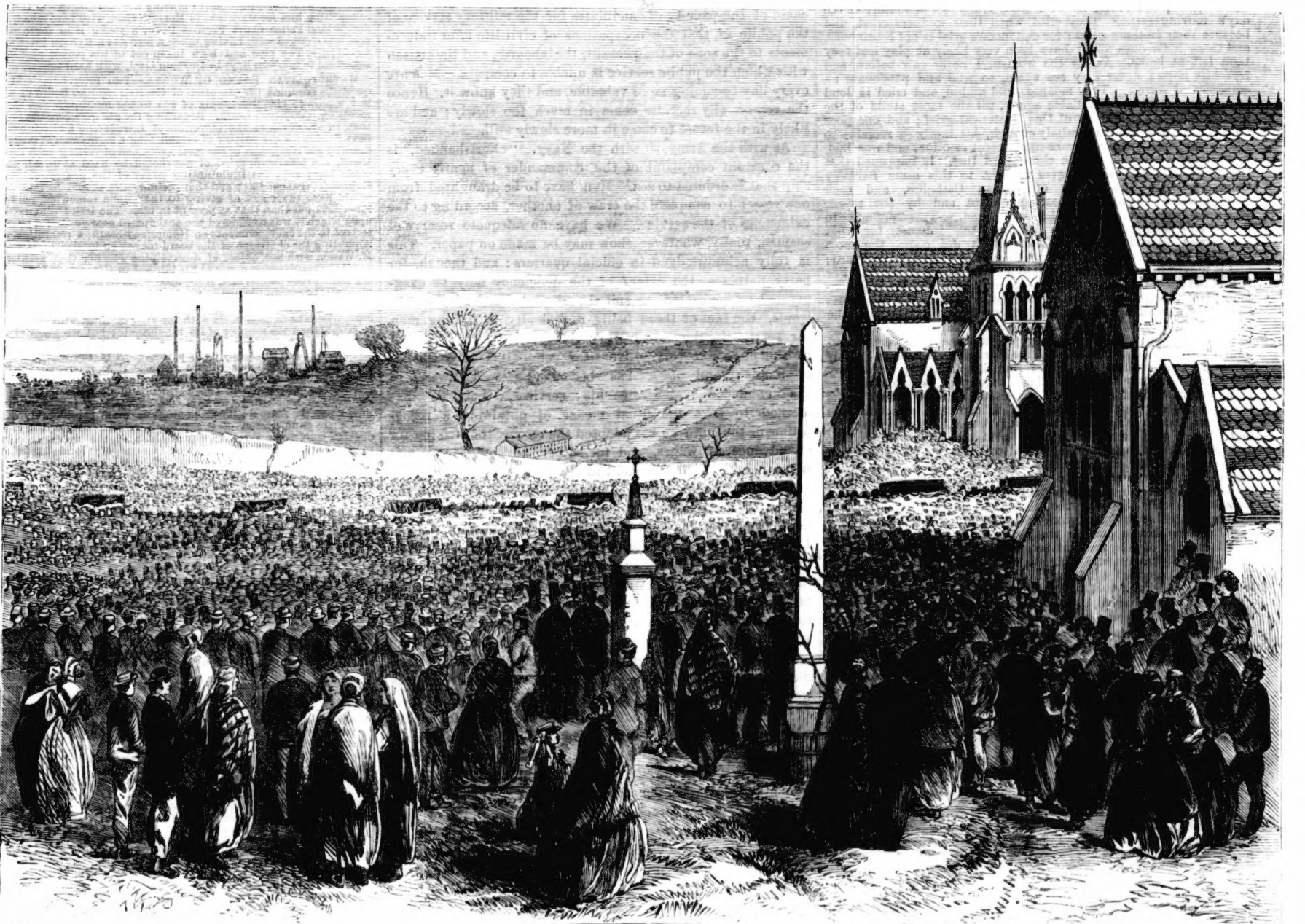
THE LONDON CASUAL WARDS.—The active measures which the Poor-Law Board took last winter to compel the London guardians to carry out the Homeless Poor Act have to some extent operated well for this winter; but some facts have come to light showing that the letter as well as the spirit of this benevolent measure of the Legislature, which was passed in order that there should be no excuse for persons wandering about the metropolis without a home, is being wilfully and cruelly contravened. The Clerkenwell guardians would not for a long time place themselves under the Act, and provide decent wards for the homeless. By this neglect many additional burdens were thrown upon this heavily-taxed parish, as all the expenses of relieving the casual poor came upon the parish rates, instead of being paid for out of the metropolis rates. This winter properly-certified wards have been provided in Clerkenwell close, and the manner in which the law is being administered is best shown in the relation of an occurrence which took place between Saturday night and Sunday morning last, and which will be brought under the notice of the authorities. At a little after midnight on Saturday night, during the fall of a dreaching misty rain, two miserable men were seen crouching about the door of the wards. They were interrogated by a power-by, and they said they had got into town in the evening, and had been directed from place to place until they stood where they did. The onlooker knocked at the door of the wards, and the administrator of the poor law answered the knock; and, when warned that it was his duty not to turn away applicants for shelter, he would not say why he refused them admission; and, after charging the stranger with the heinous offence of having brought casuals there on a previous evening, he threatened to give him into custody for knocking at the door. One of the casuals appealed to the keeper of the wards to give him a night's lodging. "I have saved my country for eleven years," he said; "and it is hard that I cannot get a night's lodging on a night like this." "Then you should look to your country to do something for you," was the rejoinder; and a policeman, who came up just before, expressed the view that the wanderers should have come before that time. To this the broken-down soldier replied that he and his mate arrived late in the evening, and had last been sent from a place which, from his description, must be the West London Union wards, and had waited for hours before refusal. They could get no lodgings at the Clerkenwell wards, which are placed by the Homeless Poor Act under the express rule that every applicant is to be dealt with in some manner—relieved if necessitous, given into custody if criminal, or handed over to the care of the relieving officer if a parishioner; and the two men wandered forth to seek at the hands of the benevolent, or in some desperate act, the means of existence vouchsafed to them by the Legislature and thus withheld by the administrators of the poor law.



OPENING OF THE LISBON AND BADAJOZ RAILWAY: VISITORS IN THE FISH-MARKET AT LISBON.



THE COLLIERY EXPLOSION NEAR BARNSELEY: REMOVAL OF BODIES AS THEY WERE BROUGHT TO THE PIT BANK.



BURYING THE VICTIMS.

THE BARNSELY COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

We this week publish two more Engravings illustrative of incidents in this sad calamity. One of these Engravings represents the scene on the pit bank as the bodies of the victims were brought up the shaft and removed to the carpenters' shed for identification. This scene was fully described in our last week's Number (see page 386). Our other Engraving depicts the funeral of some of the sufferers on Sunday, the 16th inst. Of this scene the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, writing on Monday, the 17th, says:—

"The dead whose bodies have been brought out of the Oaks pit were committed to consecrated ground, some few of them on Saturday, and the greater number yesterday morning and afternoon. There was no extraordinary demonstration, nothing but the almost universal closing of the miners' houses and the unusual concourse of mourners and lookers-on, to denote such a calamity as that which has fallen on the district, and will be long remembered throughout the world. I had expected that the ceremony would be more imposing; but now that it is all past and over there appear two or three obvious reasons why it should have been precisely as it was. In other cases—the Hartley Colliery disaster, for example—all the victims' bodies were recovered, and, all having been in life close neighbours, so they were 'in death united,' one churchyard receiving the train of coffins at the same appointed hour. Circumstances here have differed from those which conducted to make the funeral scene in the Hartley Cemetery strangely impressive. In the first place, not more than a fifth part of the number killed could be carried to the place of burial; and, again, the dwellings of the miners in this district are more scattered than they are in the neighbourhood of Hartley, Lundhill, Edmund's Main, and other collieries fatally celebrated in the records of these casualties of peace. Looking over the not unpicturesque valley through which the great midland seam is marked upon geological maps, you may pick out spots widely apart which are the lodgings in life and death of the Oaks colliers. There is Monk Bretton, away over the hill, somewhat to the left of the bare wintry wood yonder. The church is the only object that marks to a spectator, standing on the high road a little out of Barnsley, the village whose population has been so terribly thinned at one tremendous blow. And as a certain proportion of the corpses brought from the pit last Wednesday belonged to Monk Bretton, they were buried there. Ardsley lies in another direction, high up on another hill; and the Ardsley widows and orphans and soulless mothers also claimed the sad consolation of having their dead laid to rest near the homes that will know them no more. The churchyard at Cudworth, too, has had its proportion of funerals; while the Barnsley Cemetery, midway between the town from which it takes its name and the Oaks pit, has found room for twenty-seven bodies belonging to Hoyle Mill and other spots adjacent to the colliery.

"Still, the day of these sorrowful rites was not destitute of interest. Though the awful spectacle of a funeral-train four miles in length, such as Northumbrians remember having witnessed or having helped to form, was no part of yesterday's plan, the people of South Yorkshire will have much to talk of, years hence, in connection with the sepulture of the Oaks miners. Among the working clergymen yesterday taking his turn in the reading of our noble and affecting burial service was the Bishop of Ripon, who in the morning had preached at St. Mary's Church, from the 26th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John:—'Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?' The Bishop found time also to preach at two other churches, St. George's and St. John's, besides assisting, as I have said, at the Barnsley Cemetery. The day was fortunately fine, for the season and the climate; and the only disagreeable effect of the storms which have visited the country, these past few days and nights, was the miry condition of the ground. The greater number of the coffins brought to Barnsley Cemetery were placed in separate graves, some few, however, were consigned to a public vault. The plan, as nearly as it could be put in practice, was for the officiating clergy to wait until four or five processions had entered the gates, and then, collecting all the mourners and the bodies within the church, to read so much of the service there as is not appointed to be read over the grave. Afterwards the concluding part of the ceremony was in each case separately carried out. There was not a coffin that was not followed by a long train of friends as well as of mourning relatives; nor could the most superficial of observers have failed to discern in any single procession some distinctive sign or incident peculiarly affecting its own way. The number of little children who joined the files of mourners was as remarkable as any fact or feature of the day's moving scene. They cried when their mothers cried, and because their mothers cried; for childhood's grief is not continuous, and these little ones would have been very likely at play had they been left at home. As for the women, I never saw before, and fervently hope I never may see again, so wild and passionate an emphasis of sorrow. They moaned, and sobbed, and cried in loud convulsive fits of uncontrollable agony, till the most stolid of the men caught the contagion of this hysterical grief; and one poor fellow, who had followed, calmly enough, his brother's remains to this burial-place, suddenly broke into violent emotion, and was laid, in a strong terrible fit, on the churchyard turf. It happened that the three first bodies that were brought to this same Barnsley Cemetery were the bodies of Roman Catholics, and each was preceded by acolytes bearing crosses and by the priest, who intoned the service for the dead. This prelude to a dreary drama served to awaken the interest for that which was to come. Of all that which *did* come, the most touching incident occurred while the Bishop was in the churchyard; and it moved him visibly, as it moved all who beheld the sight. For it was the funeral of a mere child—at any time, and amid any common-place thoughts and busy distractions, a sight as full of sadness as may be met in a not over jubilant world; and it was made the more strikingly painful to witness by the fact that the little lad borne to his bed of clay was followed by great numbers of his young companions—boys who had laboured like him and with him as 'trammers' in that doomed pit. From Barnsley Cemetery I made my way across country to the Ardsley Churchyard, where nearly as many coffins were lowered into the earth as were buried in the first-mentioned place of interment. There was a remarkable difference, however, in the mode of burial. One oblong pit had been dug deep enough to hold five tiers of coffins, and of sufficient length and width to take six in each tier, three abreast. But the survivors of the men who were to be buried in this large tomb had stipulated that every coffin should be inclosed in a separate cell. Bricklayers were therefore employed to build up walls between the tiers, and, instead of one coffin resting on another, a slab of stone was placed on the brickwork over each, to serve as a support for the next that was lowered. While the funerals at Ardsley were in progress, and while the distressing sounds and sights in the churchyard were of the same character as those I have described as having taken place at Barnsley, a village wedding procession passed along the road, and the bride and bridegroom, with their friends, stopped for a minute or two to look, with scared faces, at the scene on the other side of the low wall."

The fire continues to burn in the interior of the Oaks Colliery, but fresh steps are immediately to be adopted for extinguishing it by stopping the mine up without flooding. These fresh measures are in accordance with the recommendations of an adjourned meeting of mining engineers of Yorkshire and the north of England, held on Monday. Two more of the men who were got out alive after the great explosion have died of the injuries they received, and only five or six of the others are still living.

BOSTON, in Massachusetts, is to have an art-building, which will cost £200,000. Land worth £50,000 has been already donated for that purpose.

THE TRIBUNAL OF CORRECTIONAL POLICE OF BOURG, France, has just tried the Abbé Feraud for having, whilst travelling in a public carriage, indulged in gross and insulting language not only towards the inhabitants of the district, but towards the Emperor. The Court, having found him guilty, considered that the sacred character of his calling aggravated the offence, and sentenced him to a fine of 500*fr.* and six months' imprisonment, and, in addition, to pay the costs.

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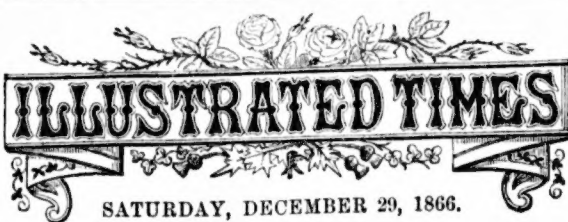
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SONS OF THE NATION.

Two most important and difficult problems await solution at the hands of the British public and of British philanthropists, the solution of one of which might be made to have a most beneficial influence on the resolution of the other. These problems are—first, how to man the Navy and obtain recruits for the Army; and, second, how to save from ruin the friendless and homeless boys of London and other large towns.

We are constantly hearing that her Majesty wants men for both the land and sea services, and that she cannot get them. Impressment into the Navy is abandoned, and we do not believe could ever be resorted to again; and the blandishments of Sergeant Kite and his confrères have ceased to have their accustomed effect. Our country cousins of the bumpkin class, who were wont to furnish most abundantly the raw materials of soldiers, are deaf to the voice of the recruiting officer, charm he never so cunningly, and "her Majesty's shilling" finds few recipients. In plain terms, recruits for the Army cannot be got in sufficient numbers. Various causes may have contributed to produce this effect, but of the fact there is no doubt. Perhaps military glory, in these "piping times of peace," has not such powerful attractions for the minds of our youth as it had in days gone by; perhaps better inducements are offered at home and in other occupations; perhaps even "chawbacons" have become too intelligent to constitute themselves "food for powder" on the terms the State has hitherto offered; perhaps certain changes must be made in our system of Army administration ere aspiring youth will be tempted into the ranks; perhaps said youth, or some of them, are beginning to be of opinion that merit, and not money, should open the way to promotion; and, as our so-called immaculate Parliament has not yet seen the wisdom—faultless as is its working, according to Mr. Lowe and other opponents of Reform—of adopting those changes, and is not likely to do so yet awhile, young men decline to "serve the Queen," preferring to keep their liberty to serve somebody else, who is willing to pay and treat them better. Among all these perhappes, and others to boot, perhaps the most potent cause of the paucity of candidates for the military service of the public is, that the occupations of civil life offer inducements to the sons of the peasant, the labourer, and the artisan with which the public service is unable to compete. Men are every day becoming more valuable, and they know it. Hence the reason why recruits come in much too slowly; and are likely in the future to come in more slowly still.

As with the Army, so with the Navy. "Short-handed," is the constant complaint of the commander of nearly every ship that is ordered to sea. Men have to be draughted from one vessel to complete the crew of another, according to the exigencies of the service. We have no adequate reserve of seamen, really, whatever show may be made on paper. This is fully acknowledged in official quarters; and though, for party purposes, the extent of the deficiency may be exaggerated or concealed, to suit the views of the "ins" or the "outs," the fact of there being a difficulty in finding men for service in the Royal Navy is beyond question. Even in the merchant service we hear complaints of a paucity of hands; and Jack has become so well aware of the enhanced value of his services, that he has learned to take the usual means of obtaining a recognition of the fact: he has adopted the resource of striking for an advance of wages, and for other advantages, as was witnessed in the Thames and in other ports of the kingdom only a few weeks ago. And success has attended the effort; for if the sailor has not got all he demanded, he has, at least, improved his position in a not insignificant degree. Like causes have produced a similar result in the sea as in the land service; a comparative scarcity of men has enhanced the value of their work, and hirers of labour, whether the nation or private individuals, must give "better value" for it. In one word, how to obtain good men for the Army and Navy is the problem the British public has to solve.

Curiously enough, alongside of the difficulty we have been commenting upon is another problem, the solution of which, as we have said, philanthropists have taken in hand; and, if their efforts prove successful, much of the inconvenience under which the public labours may be obviated. While men can't be got for the Army and Navy, an enormous amount of the valuable raw material of humanity is running to waste—and worse than waste—in the streets of London and of every other large town in the kingdom. An immense number of boys are allowed to grow up among us a nuisance and an incubus, a terror and a burden to society, who, if a different set of circumstances surrounded their early years—if a little

care were bestowed upon them in their youth, might, in their manhood, do the State good service, and prove that they are well "worth their breeding." If they were but grown men, these children would make excellent soldiers and sailors. They have all the requisite physical qualities for the work required of them in either branch of the public service. They are athletic and hardy, and have, moreover, a degree of mental acuteness—induced by the pariah-like life they lead in the streets—which cultivation might turn to excellent account. In short, they only require care and training to make them valuable members of society and fit them to supply the very want most felt in carrying on the service of the country.

The effort now being made to reclaim the homeless boys of London by the association at the head of which is the good Earl of Shaftesbury, an important event in the history of which is illustrated in our pages this week, deserves every encouragement as well from the State as from individuals. By promoting this movement society will do itself a double service: it will rid itself of a present eyesore and nuisance and a future terror, and at the same time rear up good and valuable servants. Philanthropic action may thus be made profitable. While we save these poor waifs from ruin, and open up for them a useful and pleasant path in life, we shall best serve ourselves in a most important and essential particular. These unhappy "children of nobody" ought to become the Sons of the Nation in the fullest sense of the word. They ought, those poor wild ones, to be caught, taught, and trained—fed, clothed, and educated; and in after years they will well repay the labour. The association, whose agents have just taken possession of H.M.S. *Chichester*, ought, as we think, to receive still greater aid from the State, and we hope soon will. But by whatever agency, or under whatever auspices—public or private—the work may be carried on, the task in which Mr. Williams and his coadjutors are engaged, with the countenance and support of such men as Lord Shaftesbury, deserves a hearty "God-speed!" from us; and we heartily give it.

There has been some controversy lately as to the numbers of the uncared-for children of the metropolis, and a keen dispute has been carried on as to whether they amount to 200,000 or only to 50,000. Well, what does it matter? Is not any number too many to be so left uncared for? and is not even 50,000 a vast deal too many indeed? This is but a bootless and a foolish controversy, and the energy expended in it ill employed. Those who have leisure and superfluous energy might be better occupied than in such unprofitable wrangling. Let them work like Mr. Williams and his assistants and friends, and they will have neither time nor taste for such stupid quarrels.

SMOKING IN MINES.—John Turnbull, a pitman, was brought before the Tynemouth county magistrates, on Monday, charged with smoking in the workings of Barkworth Coal-pit about a month ago. Smoking had been prohibited in the pit, and in the section of the mine wrought with safety-lamps a pitman named Thomas Cole smelt the reek of tobacco, and, turning round to the prisoner, he said, "You're not smoking, there?" The prisoner replied that he was just taking two or three draws. Cole then knocked the pipe out of the prisoner's mouth and stamped on it. The Bench, after hearing the evidence, considered the case proved, and they expressed their determination of making a severe example of the prisoner by committing him for six weeks to Morpeth Gaol, with hard labour.—At the Sunderland Police Court Thomas Burn, a young man seventeen years of age, was charged with having taken a pipe down Ryhope Pit, though it was forbidden. The pipe had been taken out of his jacket pocket. He was sentenced to fourteen days in Durham Gaol, with hard labour.

METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.—Two interesting and important questions occupied the attention of the Metropolitan Board of Works at its last meeting—viz., the supply of gas to the metropolis and the encroachments on Hampstead-heath. Regarding the gas question, the board decided that, in the event of the Government introducing a bill into Parliament next Session for the purpose of establishing a more efficient control over the existing gas companies of the metropolis, and of vesting such control in the board, the maximum price of gas should be fixed at 3*s.* 6*d.* per thousand cubic feet; that the illuminating power of the gas should be equal to eighteen sperm candles; and that certain rules should be laid down which would have the effect of giving to the public somewhat purer and more innocuous gas than that at present in use. The board also fixed the terms upon which it was considered the anticipated change should be made. With respect to the encroachments on Hampstead-heath, a resolution was passed requesting the chairman of the board to seek an interview with Sir Thomas M. Wilson with the object of ascertaining whether that gentleman is prepared to negotiate for a sale of his interest in Hampstead-heath and adjoining lands to the public, and, if so, upon what terms. The result of the interview will be communicated to the board in the shape of a report.

RAILWAY STATIONS IN THE METROPOLIS.—Various calculations and comparisons have been made with the view of illustrating the extent of the metropolis and the number of its inhabitants; but we know of no plan by which an adequate idea of the vast magnitude of the great metropolis may be brought home so vividly as by a statement of the extent of its railway system and the number of its stations. A reference to Bradshaw's Itinerary shows that there are in the United Kingdom very nearly 4000 railway stations, while in the metropolis alone the number already constructed, or sanctioned, exceeds 300, and, taking into account different lines using the same stations, the number would considerably exceed 1000. The mere enumeration of the several stations within the metropolitan district conveys a very inadequate idea of the actual accommodation provided within that area by means of local lines and junctions, and the arrangements of the companies for running powers over them and the use of stations. It is clear that every station beyond its own system to which a company has access is practically an additional station. Taking this view, it will be found that the actual number within the metropolitan district has been enormously increased, and particularly by the North London and West London lines. Taking the North London, for instance, it will be found that many of its stations serve trains by which there is continuous railway communication with all parts of Great Britain. In illustration of multiplied use of stations it will be found that Broad-street, Chalk Farm, Camden-road, Caledonian-road, Islington, Newington-road, Dalston Junction, Fenchurch-street, Shoreditch, Poplar (two stations), Stepney, West India Docks, Limehouse, Blackwall, Hackney, Bow, and Victoria Park stations are served by trains from the North London, the London and North-Western, the Great Eastern, the London, Tilbury, and Southend; the South-Western, the South-Eastern, and the Brighton—an increase practically of 124 stations in a single batch. In like manner the stations on the West London line—Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea—are used by the trains of the Great Western, the London and North-Western, the South-Western, the South-Eastern, and the Brighton. The Victoria station is used by the London, Chatham, and Dover, the Brighton, and the Great Western. The South-Western and the South-Eastern reciprocally use each other's stations, for certain trains, at Waterloo and London Bridge. There is, or shortly will be, a double use by the Brighton, and the London, Chatham, and Dover, of the stations from Peckham to Victoria—five in number. Reverting to the Metropolitan, the Great Western uses nine, and the Great Northern, and London, Chatham, and Dover four of its stations. In the east are several other stations—such as Stratford, Barking, Low Leyton, and Leytonstone—used by more than one company. There are numerous other stations, such as the great junctions, Willesden and Clapham, used by two or more companies, that might be enumerated; it may perhaps suffice to say that the metropolis has now, or will have when the works in progress are completed, the benefit of considerably more than 300 passenger stations, about thirty of them being within the walls of the city of London proper.—*Railway News.*

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE HON. AUGUSTA BETHELL, one of Lord Westbury's daughters, has published a book called "Helen in Switzerland."

THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE has assigned his pay as senior Naval Aide-de-Camp (£300 a year) to the Royal Benevolent Society.

MR. GRANT DUFF, M.P., has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen—the Duke of Richmond, as Chancellor, having given the casting-vote in his favour.

LORD LONDESBOURGH has announced that on and after Jan. 1, 1867, he will allow the whole of his tenantry on the Londesborough estate to kill hares and rabbits upon their respective farms.

MR. RUSKIN is a candidate for the professorship of poetry at Oxford, which will be vacant next Easter Term; Sir Francis H. Doyle, late Fellow of All Souls, is also a candidate for the post.

OFFICERS OF VOLUNTEERS, it has been ruled, are not entitled to wear badges for good shooting.

MR. ALEXANDER SMITH, the poet, is dangerously ill.

BARON ADOLPHE DE ROTHSCHILD, who presided over the Naples branch of the house, is now living at Geneva, having retired with a fortune of £6,000,000.

MR. WILLIAM COLE, the "oldest inhabitant" of Chippenham, Cambridgeshire, has just died at the advanced age of 102 years.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT has given an order for one hundred cast-steel cannon to the great works of Krupp, of Essen. The contract price is £2800 per cannon.

AT an iron-shipbuilding establishment in the south of England 300 men are employed. At this time last year 1300 men were employed at the same establishment.

AN ABSCONDING DEBTOR with large liabilities was apprehended in an hotel at Glasgow. He was dressed in female attire, with a Paisley shawl, a velvet bonnet and veil, and a large brooch, with no lack of crinoline.

THE IMMIGRANTS who arrived at New York from various European countries from Jan. 1 to Nov. 30, 1886, number 219,820. This is 20,000 more than arrived during the whole of 1885.

AN IRISH WASHERMAN in Calaveras county, California, who was obliged to take a share in a newly-discovered mine in payment for services, her employer being unable to pay in money, now derives an income of 10,000 dols. a year from it.

THE POPE has addressed an invitation to the Bishops of the Catholic world to assemble at Rome in the month of June, 1867, to celebrate the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of the Apostles Peter and Paul and the canonisation of several martyrs, confessors, and virgins.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, it is reported, will next year visit the Mediterranean, in the steam screw-ship of the Line Franklin, of 3684 tons, the largest American wooden naval vessel afloat.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT has decided to send to the Paris Exhibition a large delegation of the north-western Indians. They will take with them their wigs, war and agricultural implements, and every variety of costume.

NEW POTATOES for Christmas were offered for sale by a greengrocer of Malton on Saturday and Monday last. The novelty was so great that some of the best tubers sold for over 1d. a piece. The potatoes had been grown in the open ground, and the crop was planted in August instead of in the spring, the remarkably moist and mild season bringing forward the produce to perfection.

A MAN IN DACOTA thinks he has found Paradise. Hear him:—"No income tax; no internal revenue; no spies to see you if you treat a friend on Sunday; no special police; no dog tax; no poll tax; no school tax or bounty fund; and, to end with, the Indians and half-breeds can't tell one greenback from another, so all our ones are tens."

SINCE THE ACCESSION OF NAPOLEON III. a sum of £270,000,000 has been added to the national debt of France, which now amounts to £483,000,000. As his wars and foreign expeditions have not cost more, we are told, than £100,000,000 at the most, we are left to suppose that the annual deficit in the revenue since 1851 has averaged something like £10,000,000.

FOUR ECLIPSES will occur in the course of next year:—1. An annular eclipse of the sun, March 6, visible at Greenwich 8h. 17m. morning. 2. A partial eclipse of the moon, March 20, invisible at Greenwich. 3. A total eclipse of the sun, Aug. 29, invisible at Greenwich. 4. A partial eclipse of the moon, Sept. 13, visible at Greenwich, begins at 10h. 57m. evening.

AT EDMONTON, on Wednesday morning, a woman, named Gudgeon, cut the throats of two of her children while they were in bed. She would have murdered a third, but that the child escaped and gave an alarm. When the neighbours came in the woman was found dead, having cut her own throat.

UNJUST WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—Eight hundred and eight South London tradesmen have been fined during the present year, at the Newington Sessions, for having in their possession unjust weights and measures. This army of law-breakers was made up as follows:—250 publicans, 147 chandlers, 120 greengrocers and coaldealers, 95 bakers, 81 butchers, 40 grocers, 24 marine-store dealers, 10 cheesemongers, 8 eating-house keepers, 7 oilmen, 6 woolstaplers, 6 fishmongers, 5 milkmen, 3 confectioners, 3 corndealers, 3 zinc-workers, 2 ironmongers, 2 rope and sail makers, and 1 cider-seller. Several of the foregoing have been fined twice, thrice, and some even four times; while the majority are church-and-chapel-going, "respectable" men and women! The fines inflicted amounted to a total of £1285 16s. 6d.—*South London Press*.

CLERICAL VESTMENTS.—The Venerable Archdeacon Allen, a leading member of the clergy in Shropshire, has given notice of his intention to move the following resolution on the reassembling of Convocation:—"That their Lordships the Bishops be dutifully requested to join in a humble petition to the Queen, supplicating her Majesty to take into her Royal consideration whether it may not be advisable that authority be given to the following directions:—'That in our parish churches and chapels (with the exception of the churches of St. Mary the Virgin, in Oxford, and St. Mary the Great, in Cambridge) no other ministering vestments be lawful for the priests and deacons officiating than the surplice, the hood, the black stole or scarf, and the square cap; and that if any dispute arise as to the form or colour or material of these vestments it shall be lawful for the churchwardens of the parish in which such disputed vestment is used to submit in writing the disputed matters to the Bishop of the diocese, whose written judgment thereon, subject to an appeal to the Archbishop, be binding.'"

THE WAGES QUESTION.—Great dissatisfaction is spreading among the cotton operatives of North and East Lancashire relative to the proposition which has been made by their masters—namely, "that the present rate of wages cannot be continued," and that on and after Jan. 18 next a reduction equal to about 5 per cent. will have to be made in the rate of remuneration. The high price of cotton and the inability to obtain anything like a moderately good market for yarns and cloth constitute the reason for the change proposed. The operatives, who in some places had their wages advanced and got new tables of calculations made out only a short time ago, are naturally much opposed to any reduction of prices; they prefer short time to lower wages; but this idea does not meet with the favour of the masters. In many mills notices regarding the intended reduction have been put up. In about a week a general delegate meeting, representing the interests of the operatives of North and East Lancashire, will be held. The principal subject for consideration will be the proposed reduction. There is no inclination on the part of the operatives to strike work if the difficulty can be by any means amicably arranged. Since the last great strike at Preston and Blackburn the operatives have got considerably wiser in regard to stoppages of work, turn-outs, &c.; trade councils, arbitration, and the submission of differences to parties fairly representing each side, are now the means adopted in many instances for the settlement of what formerly had to be "fought out" by strikes and lock-outs.

A FENIAN OPINION OF "HEAD-CENTRE" STEPHENS.—A long letter on the character and career of "Head-centre" Stephens is published in the *New York Times* of Dec. 7. The writer is General F. F. Millen, and is styled late President of the Fenian Military Council in Ireland, and late Acting C.E.I.R. Addressing himself "to the sincere members of the Fenian Brotherhood at home and abroad," "General" Millen commences:—"As a Fenian of nearly seven years' standing, I feel it my painful duty to lay before you the reasons which have forced me to the (for us) humiliating conclusion that James Stephens, the present head of our national organisation, is not only no good man, but that he is a political humbug, if not a cheat and a rascal besides." After narrating the proceedings of the Fenian body, and detailing the difficulties with which the leaders had to contend, the writer proceeds to show how the ardent patriot, James Stephens, fared meanwhile, and the amount of disinterested self-denial he practised while holding the funds contributed by his deluded dupes:—"At the very time spoken of above Stephens was spending his 100 dols. a day in the indulgence of his expensive horticultural tastes, and was squandering thousands of dollars in the purchase of fine wines, Brussels carpeting, and princely furniture. We all know these statements to be true; besides that, nearly £2000 in gold, silver, notes, and draughts were found by the police in his hands at the time of his arrest. All this, when Irish-American officers and Irish patriots were starving from the want of the common necessities of life around him and all over Ireland." The following is the postscript to Mr. Millen's communication, and expresses the writer's faith in Mr. Stephens's future performance:—"When I shall hear of James Stephens having effected a landing in Ireland—that he has taken the field, according to promise—I will most cheerfully retract all I have said against him in this note; nay, further, I will dress myself in sackcloth and ashes, and, with a halter about my neck, I will seek out the great liberator and say to him, 'I am unworthy to live; dispose of my life as you will.' However, until that happens, what I have written above must remain said."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Cornhill* is a light number. The illustrated "Sketches from Pontresina" and the paper on "Canning and the Anti-Jacobin" are very readable, though the latter, with its charming drawings, is the only one of the two that contains anything new. I have often noted in this column, Mr. Editor, that the law of libel was in a state of transition, and, practically, confused and unworkable. This view is confirmed by an article in the *Cornhill* on the subject; to which I will add—having my eye upon the last two pages—that if any journalist "criticises his neighbours" by name, while shielding himself under a privilege of anonymity, he is, whatever the law may say, a cowardly cad. My own opinion on this subject has long been formed and often expressed—namely, that we are on our way in this country to the "Stabber" and "Sewer" view of journalism, which is not unfamiliar to readers of Mr. Dickens's "American Notes." *Abso omen!* but I fear the game is afoot. I should myself always prefer, as a matter of principle, to sign any attacking article which went beyond generalities of comment for judging of which my reader had the material before him. These "generalities" do, in fact, cover the whole of the ground which the political, social, or book-critic has any business with. So long as he confines himself within those limits he is under no moral obligation or esthetic obligation to sign his name to what he writes. But, under any system, or upon any hypothesis, he is a coward if he writes unsigned a word which he would not dare to sign against any individual named or expressly indicated. This rule does not apply to systems, institutions, corporations, principles, and other anonymous things; but it applies strictly—and I should, in case of need, like to see it enforced by horsewhip, sword, or pistol—against all unsigned attacks upon individuals which go beyond such "generalities" as I have indicated. It were better to lose here and there an Armand Carrel even than to come to the "Sewer" and "Stabber" system. And we are already a great deal too close to it. The *Cornhill* contains some very charming verses by Mr. Thackeray, which have been disinterred, apparently, from somebody's album. Is it not possible that there are a good many of these beautiful trifles lying about here and there which would be worth collecting into a book? Trifles which prove afresh what Mr. Hannay once so charmingly said—that there was an *impurium* of poetry in Mr. Thackeray's mind.

Belgravia is a capital number. It is a pity that Miss Braddon's ghost story, "Eveline's Visant," had not a better title. If the conception is Miss Braddon's own, it is the most poetic one that she ever conceived and worked out. If Miss Braddon would really devote her mind to a story like this, and tell it with chastened severity of manner, taking for her model a writer like Hawthorne in his more romantic stories, she will do what she has never done yet—justice to herself. "Francis Derrick" is welcome; and so are Tom Hood, and Mr. Jerrold in his paper about poor men's children. By-the-by, in accounting for the low rate of child mortality among the Quakers, must we not take into account their strict domestic regimen?

Temple Bar has a very attractive article on "Ecclesiastical Symbolism," and some miscellaneous papers and stories which are interesting. A good word is due to "Adrift in the Antarctic Ocean," "Bertie Griffiths," "A Bear-Hunt in the Himalayas," "A Few Days in Taboga," and "Straight across Dartmoor." The verses are bad. And where is the table of contents? "Bertie Griffiths" is a short story by the author of "Archie Lovell," and may be recommended.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

As your Theatrical Lounger is not endowed with the quality of omnipresence, and can only do full justice to one pantomime in one evening, he is obliged to content himself for the present with giving an account of one only of the many brilliant productions which have characterised the Christmas of 1886—and that one is COVENT GARDEN. "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves; or, Harlequin and the Genii of the Arabian Nights," is the title of the remarkably magnificent pantomime that was produced at Covent Garden on Boxing Night. It is from the pen of Mr. Gilbert à-Beckett, the eldest son of the late eminent comic writer, and is, I believe, his second dramatic production—the first being a farce which was produced with success at the Strand Theatre some six months since. Mr. à-Beckett has followed the original story of "The Forty Thieves" with remarkable closeness, and his deviations from the original text are only such as are necessary to a dramatic and pantomimic version of the story. The visitor to Covent Garden has the special advantage of being placed in possession of the mysterious agency to which the original story owes its origin, and which, it appears, is the work of no less a person than Orchobrand (Mr. Lingham), general discount agent and broker, to whose dispute with the genius of the Arabian Nights it appears that the world is indebted for the history that Mr. à-Beckett has dramatised. It will be unnecessary for me to give your readers an elaborate description of the plot. It is simply, as I have already said, the "Arabian Nights" story; the principal additions to it being an inspector of Bagdad police (capitally played by Mr. Thompson) and a transformation of the original characters into Harlequin and Co. The scenery is simply exquisite. One scene—"The Wood-Nymphs' Haunt by Moonlight"—is absolutely perfect in its leafy loveliness. Another scene, that which represents the interior of the cavern of the Forty Thieves, is arranged, with extraordinary ingenuity, as a club, with excavations in the rock for billiard-rooms, card-rooms, &c. This, is, perhaps, the most ingenious scene ever placed upon the stage. The transformation scene is beautifully devised, but it lacks detail at the back. The scene was probably unfinished when I saw it; by the time that this appears in print it will no doubt have had the final touch given to it. The ballet of wood-nymphs is exceedingly beautiful. How on earth so many pretty girls were got together is a mystery known only (I am sorry to say) to Mr. Harris and Mr. Edward Murray. The harlequinade is distinguished by a capitally-executed dance of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates in boating colours. Mr. W. H. Payne and Mr. Fred. Payne are, as usual, the life and soul of the introduction; and Mr. Harry Payne is the prominent feature of the comic scenes. The performance was listened to by a crowded and attentive audience, who placed the perfect success of the pantomime beyond a doubt.

For a brief account of the pantomime at ASTLEY'S I am indebted to a friend. The upper circle of boxes in this theatre has been thrown in with the gallery. The occupants of this part of the house on Wednesday night amused themselves by throwing boys head-over-heels from the upper to the lower gallery, and in one instance nearly into the balcony. The performance commenced with a comic drama, entitled "Delicate Ground," which was got through in dumb show. Then came the pantomime, "Hush-a-by Baby, on the Tree Top; or, Harlequin Fortunio, King Frog of Frog Island, and the Magic Toys of Lowther Arcadia." The piece is from the pen of Mr. Charles Milward, and the overture, selected by Mr. J. Barnard, contains all the principal tunes popular at the London music-halls, the choruses to which were sung with much *verve* by the "gods." The plot of the pantomime is something after this fashion:—A King (Mr. W. H. Stephens) has two sons, Fortunio (Miss Caroline Parkes) and Heydiddle (Mr. E. Atkins), who are both in love with Olivebranch (Miss Nelly Burton), who prefers Fortunio. This arouses the passions of jealousy and envy in the heart of Heydiddle, who seeks the aid of Hop-o-my-Thumb, King of the Frogglers (Mr. Milano). Of course, the wicked brother's plans are frustrated, and then ensues the harlequinade, which is well sustained by the usual personages. Miss Grosvenor as Columbine, and the "Great Little Rowella" as Clown, were very effective. The scenery, which is by Mr. Julian Hicks, is generally good, some of the designs possessing very superior merit indeed. Mr. Hicks had to bow his acknowledgments of the approbation of the audience twice in the course of the evening. I may further mention that my friend describes Miss Nelly Nisbett (as Latchkey) and Miss Nelly Burton (as Olivebranch) as being "both charming." These ladies, with Miss C. Parkes and Mr. Milano, introduced some very effective dances. There was a slight delay in developing the transformation scene, but this was the only hitch that occurred, if I except the fact

that the voices of those performers who had songs to sing were rather "ineffective," whatever my friend may mean by that euphemism. The house was crowded by a most enthusiastic if somewhat uproarious audience.

At the ALHAMBRA all the three ballets—for no less than three ballets are given in the course of the evening—are great successes, as that species of performance always is there; and those who delight to witness "the poetry of motion" in perfection, mingled with other enjoyable entertainments, should pay a visit to Mr. Strange's elegant establishment in Leicester-square.

Professor Pepper and his coadjutors at the POLYTECHNIC have made ample provision for entertaining their patrons, and serve up a *mélange* of wit and wisdom, science and sensation, which cannot fail to give satisfaction. Professor Pepper instructs, Mr. J. L. King and Mr. George Buckland entertain, the Trunkless Head (that's better than "decapitated," I think) talks, the cherubs float, tables are rapped in an extraordinary fashion, and, with other amusements really "too numerous to mention," the visitor must be difficult to please who is not content with what is to be seen at the Polytechnic.

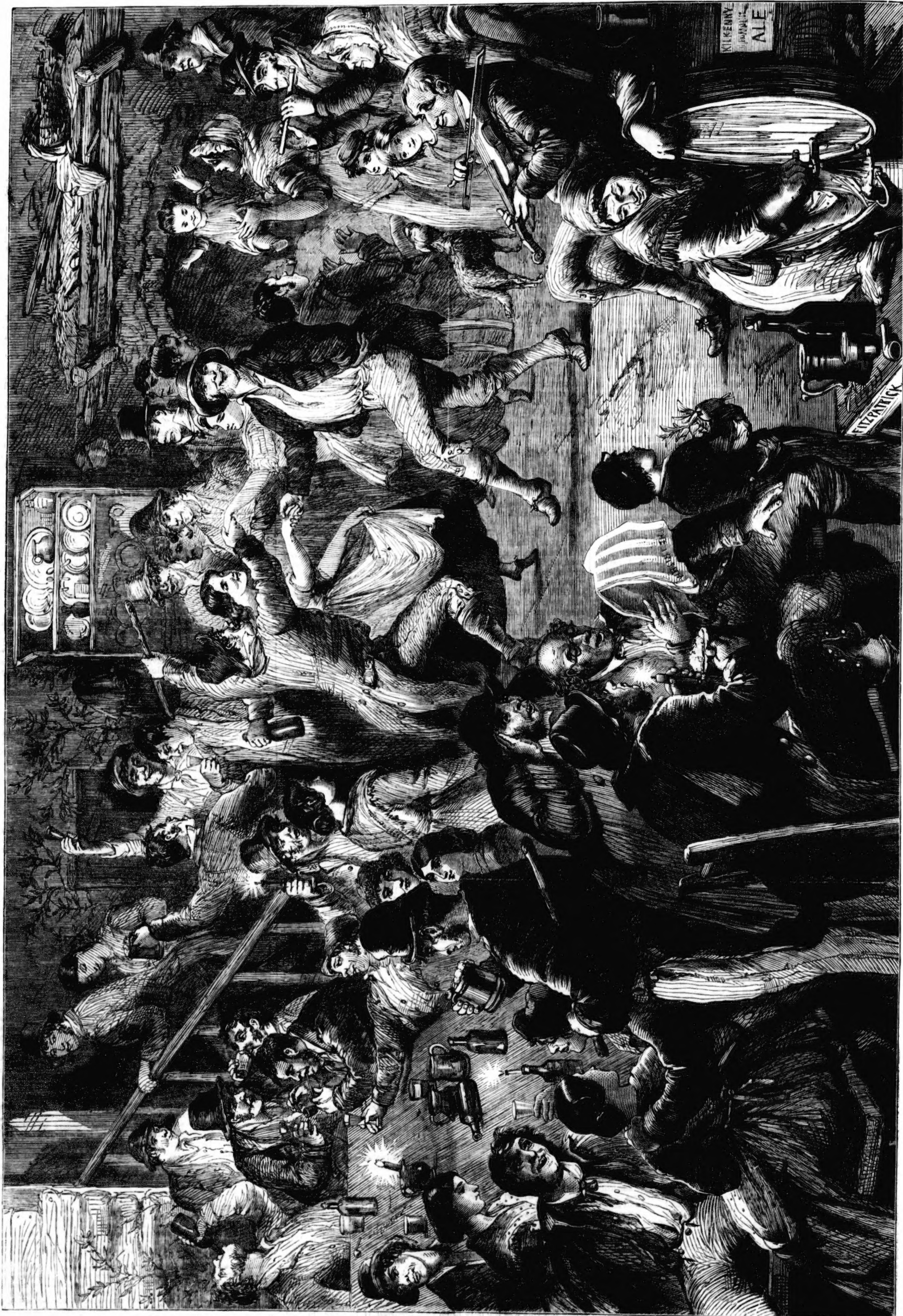
I can only further mention that the Christy Minstrels are to the fore in the great ST. JAMES'S HALL; and Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with Mr. John Parry, at the GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

A CHRISTMAS MERRYMAKING IN IRELAND.

If there be any truth in the axiom of Shakespeare that "A light heart lives long," nowhere should the records of deaths at a patriarchal age be more crowded than in Ireland. It is wonderful what a capacity poor Pat possesses for enjoyment. Even though his coat may be threadbare and himself out-at-elbows generally, a drop of poteen, a flourish of the union pipes, any decent provocation whatsoever, will set his pulses tingling and his legs in motion. His stock of animal spirits is inexhaustible; he has—or at least he is given credit for having—a reserve fund of hilarity which can be drawn upon *ad libitum* at the shortest notice. Every fair in Ireland is a festivity; every race-meeting or regatta a saturnalia. The birth of an heir, the burial of a neighbour, the departure of a friend for the Far West, or the "hauling home" of a wife from the next barony, is equally seized on as the occasion of a social gathering; and in that queer land of contrasts, social gatherings, even for the purposes of condolence, invariably partake of the characteristics of a merry-making. It would often puzzle a stranger to distinguish between a wake and a wedding were he to judge by externals only. And yet this does not arise from a want of deep and genuine feeling in the Irish character so much as from a sort of national levity, an irrepressible tendency amongst Hibernians to wax convivial when they come together.

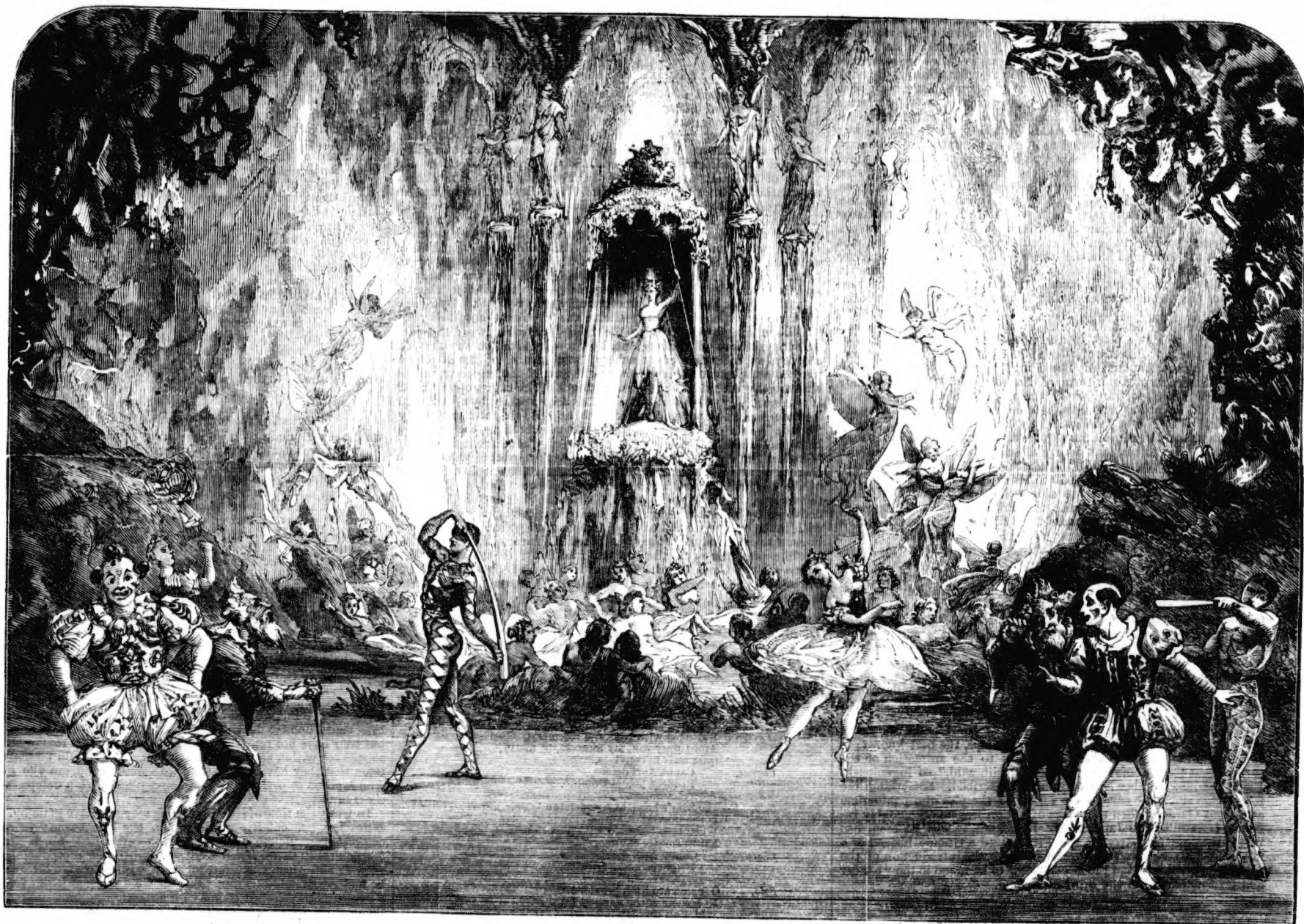
Besides the stated festivals, which are kept in the sister isle with a religious devotedness to the god who presides over such things, subscription-parties, in the interests of Bacchus and Terpsichore, as represented by a barrel of ale and the parish "musician," are not infrequently devised. One of these our Artist has selected for portrayal in the Engraving on page 416. It is Christmastide. Pat has grown specially jubilant under the genial influences of the season. He is ready to cry Hail-fellow-well-met! to the "boy" whose head he smashed at the last hurling-match and to shake hands promiscuously with all comers in the exuberance of his good-nature. Now is the time when subscription-parties flourish: generally the fiddler or piper of the district, with a sharp eye to No. 1, is prominent in setting the ball (no pun, good reader) in motion; but very often the primal impetus comes from a knot of young bachelors who have tender designs on Kate or Norah at the coming Shrove, or "Shraff," as they call it in Ireland, when "marryings" most do abound. The charge for admission to these assemblies is not extravagant: twelvence a head is the usual rate for the stronger sex; and the females—why, they are welcome for their smiles! "Gentlemen, a shilling; ladies, free—gratis—for nothing!" Such is the customary tariff of these rural Almacks. And in no mansion of Belgravia, no evening party with dancing at my Lord Dandrea's or Lady Betty Modish's, is "the poetry of motion" studied with a keener zest. See with what spirit that quartet of joyous rustics join in the four-handed reel to the rousing strain of "Tatter Jack Welsh," played in rival concord by old Dinney Morrissey, the blind fiddler, and the emulous flautist on the right who accompanies, for this occasion only, in honour of "the night that is in it." The whole soul of all concerned is in the pastime. That neat colleen on the left, with prettily turned foot, evidently prides herself on the grace and agility of her steps, and her friend, behind excited Mike with the uplifted "alpeen," looks on with admiration, just tintured with the faintest suspicion of jealousy. No matter; her turn will soon come, for she has been engaged to "take the flure" for the next set, and we go bail, she can trip it feely in the mazes of a country dance, or even the wild double-shuffle movement of a moonen jig. That group in the background know something of the art saltatory—connoisseurs is written on every line of these interested faces. But the merry dance does not monopolise the attention of the entire company. The village pedagogue (one of the old school, we should say, who never dreamt of a National Board) is enchained by an article in the *Irishman*. He is reading slowly and sententiously some of the florid rhetoric of "Allua" or "Eta" to a small but appreciative audience. His humble admirer who holds the candle and listens with mouth agape cannot read himself, we venture to think, but has a natural taste for high politics. How earnestly the individual leaning over the chair hangs on the lips of the school-master! He has his hand on his ear the better to catch the sound; perhaps he is hard of hearing, or, more likely, the noise of the revellers behind disturbs him. And what a roystering band of revellers they are, congregated in the various attitudes of careless abandonment to pleasure round that huge deal table! The more confirmed of the toppers gather at the foot of the staircase; they rather disdain the new-fangled beer, and cling with traditional tenacity to the more potent mountain dew. That tall fellow with the black look on his face peering from the cover of the pewter at the courting pair—Mike's arm lovingly enclasped round Kitty's fair shoulders—surely he has arrived too late and it is his place which is forestalled. There is a stout shillelagh under his arm; let us hope it is not ominous of something to come. We are better pleased with the happy grin of that rustic wit holding up his dandy of punch, his brawny neck unconfined by shirt collar, and the sputtering candle stocked in an empty bottle at his elbow. Do you remark the absence of edibles from the litter strewn on the board? It is remarkable that the Irish abjure eating on these occasions—it is too matter-of-fact, and expensive to boot. But we must not dwell too long on this sketch of humble life, in its holiday aspect, in the sister isle. The grave pre-occupation of the good woman of the house, intent on drawing the liquor out of the barrel and an honest penny out of her customers; the demonstrative fondness of the mother dandling her baby by the hearthside; the soddened expression of the sot, with inverted bottle to his greedy mouth, in one corner—these will strike those of our readers who have visited Ireland, and mingled with its people in their lighter moods, as true to nature. Let us trust that such hearty merry-makings may long remain a conspicuous feature in the manners and customs of the Irish peasantry, and that they may be followed by no more evil effects than an occasional headache the next morning to those who indulged unwisely over night.

COMPLICATED RELATIONSHIPS.—A Pittsburg (U. S.) paper states that a melancholy case of self-murder occurred on Sunday, near Titusville, Pennsylvania. The following schedule of misfortunes was found in the victim's left boot:—"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife—i.e., my step-daughter—had also a son; he was, of course, my brother, and in the mean time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

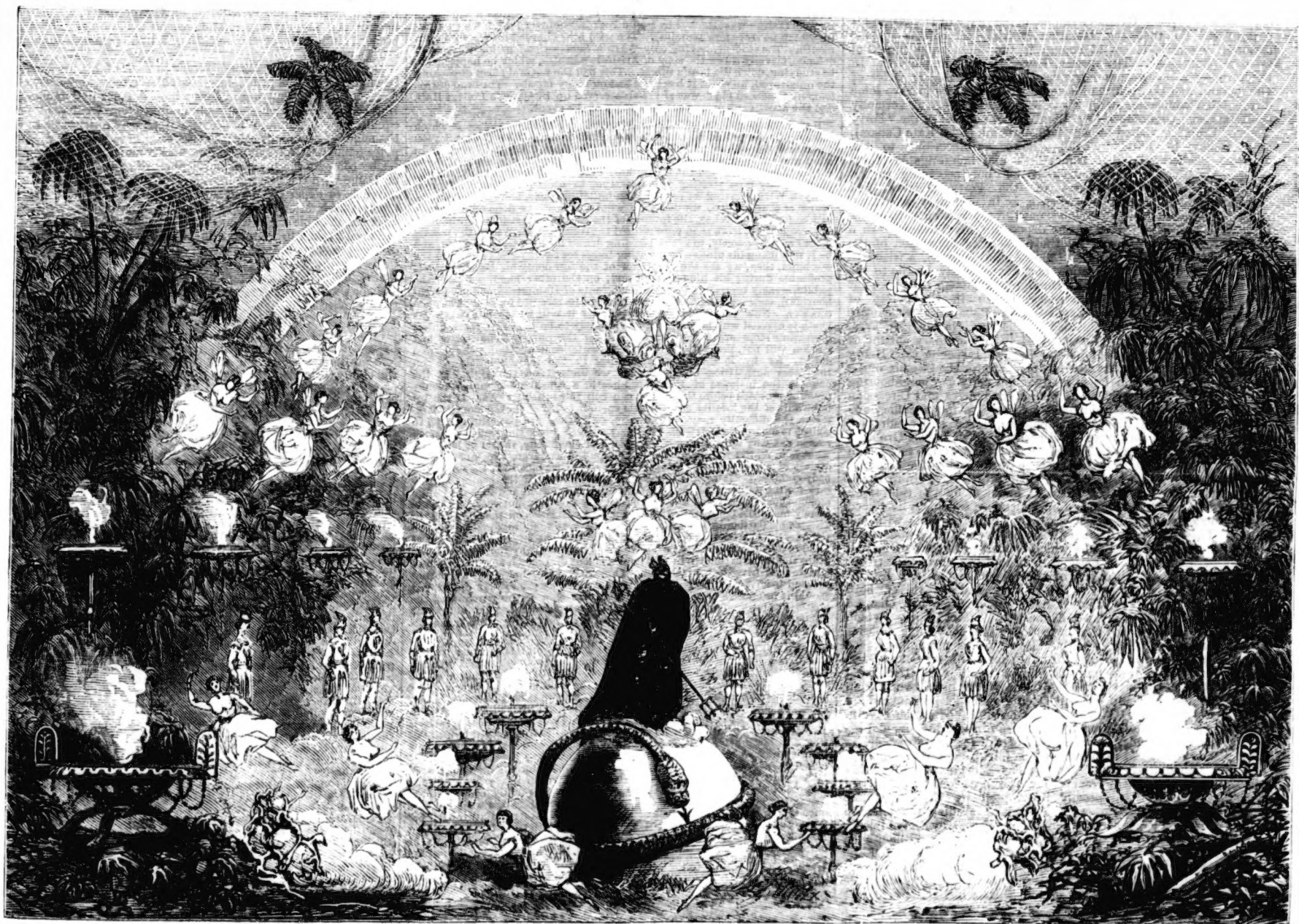


AN IRISH CHRISTMAS MERRYMAKING.

T H E P A N T O M I M E S .



DRURY LANE: THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE.



THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE PANTOMIMES.

DRURY LANE.

THE Drury Lane pantomime this year is entitled "Number Nip; or, Harlequin and the Gnome King of the Giant Mountain," and is, of course, founded on one of the legends of that Silesian Puck who received European fame from the pen of Musæus. In accordance with modern usage, we have an allegorical prologue to the introduction proper, and this takes place in the regions of Romance (Mrs. H. Vandenhoff), before whom various representatives of the worlds of reality and fiction pass in review. This is followed by the Willow Island of the Drachenfels, in which the water-fairies are assembled under the presidency of their Queen Nymphalin (Miss Hudspeth). Here we learn that Number Nip, the Gnome King, who has the art of changing his shape at pleasure, is a perpetual source of annoyance to the Silesian peasant; and soon the monarch himself appears, personated by Master Percy Roselle, who has made himself so celebrated as the representative of miniature pomp or mischief. We also learn that he will be constantly watched by Pipalee (Miss Lydia Thompson), the Queen's chief attendant, who intends to sober him down with a wife. A grand ballet having been duly executed by 150 coryphæes, the scene changes to the Thicket of Weeds, and the story fairly begins. Prince Ratibon (Mr. Charlet Seyton), suitor to the Princess of Silesia, with his retinue, has lost his way in the thicket, and is encountered by Number Nip, who contrives to learn from him the name of the bride, and transfixes him and his retinue with a wave of the hand. A farm in the Valley of the Giant Mountain is the next scene; and here we find the farm servants busily at work, under the superintendence of Hans Hansel (Mr. Tom Matthews) and his wife, Gammer Grethel (Mr. E. Clifton). Pipalee, disguised as a German peasant-girl, solicits a place in the household with the intention of watching over the Princess of Silesia (Miss Seymour), who comes on, attended by six huntsmen. These are frightened off the stage by the appearance in gigantic form of Number Nip, who immediately afterwards comes forward under the disguise of a ploughboy, and accosts the Princess, who has become insensible, with a rustic serenade. While he is thus accoutred he terrifies the labourers by his extraordinary feats, animates the turnips in the field that they may attend the Princess, and during the confusion that ensues carries off the lady to his palace in the centre of the earth, represented in the following scene. Here we find his "jewel guards," performed by children, and, moreover, the animated turnips, now in withered condition. Pipalee, who attends the Princess under the name of Brinhilda, persuades the Princess that Number Nip is not such a bad match after all; but advises the Gnome to amend his evil ways, and especially to repair the mischief that he has done to poor Hans, who, ruined as a farmer, is forced to pursue the lowly vocation of a cobbler. In pursuance of this counsel an elfin troop enters Hans's cottage (represented in the next scene) by way of the keyhole, and, working with all its might, produces shoes enough to furnish the cobbler with a handsome stock. Through acts of benevolence like this the once-hated Number Nip has become popular; and when he is next seen, at the foot of the Giant Mountain, he is receiving tributes of affection from the grateful peasantry. He is, moreover, allowed to marry the Princess with no further delay than is required for the performance of a harlequinade, and his mountain is developed into the transformation scene, entitled the "Nuptials of Number Nip; or, Wedding Dowry of the Earth's Treasures."

Of the several popular stories recorded of the Gnome King, the one selected by Mr. E. L. Blanchard is, perhaps, the best known; it is certainly the most important, since it is to the animation of the turnips that the Gnome's proper name, "Riibezahl," so ingeniously Englished into Number Nip, is commonly ascribed. Something like forty years since, the same story furnished the plot of a pantomime at Covent Garden, when the place of action was unaccountably removed from Silesia to Japan! Mr. Blanchard, it will be seen, has varied the tale by marrying the Princess to a Gnome instead of a favoured deliverer, and has enriched it by the introduction of the story of "The Elves and the Shoemaker," to be found in the "Kinder und Hausmärchen" of the Brothers Grimm.

COVENT GARDEN.

Our Theatrical Lounger has in another column given some account of the Covent Garden pantomime, and we need only supplement his contribution by stating that Mr. A. Beckett, not satisfied with genial and ordinary fairies (including "almes"), assumes the classical and invokes Ovidian nymphs, in the shape of Dryads, to his assistance. So that the Horatian maxim—*sit quidvis simplex dantat et unum*—is set at naught in the most truly impartial spirit of pantomime. The motley, however, suits its purpose. In the opening scene we are introduced to The Cabalistic Office of Orchobrand and Co., a firm of usurers which appears to have some disreputable connection with the power whose abode is normally subterranean. Orchobrand (Mr. Lingham), a member of the "Forty Thieves' Club," is visited by a certain Abdallah (Miss Kate Carson), who comes to have "a bill renewed." According to the Princess Sheherazade, that exhaustless and indefatigable storyteller, Abdallah is Ali Baba's cook; but, according to Mr. A. Beckett, he is the Captain of the Forty Thieves, and despite the untold treasures of the cave, is in pecuniary difficulties. After some hesitation, Orchobrand unwillingly contents to allow three days' grace, and while about depositing his "security" in a place of safety is interrupted by the unexpected apparition of the Genius of the Arabian Nights (Miss Annie Bennett), a friend to and powerful dispenser of justice, and consequently hostile to the usurer, whom she threatens with condign punishment if he does not mend his ways. In the next scene, Glade in the Forest of Ragga-Muffa-Hassan (near Bagdad), Ali Baba, the woodcutter (Mr. W. H. Payne), accompanied by his son, Ganem (Mr. Fred. Payne), and his donkey, while engaged in his ordinary pursuit of felling trees is laid hold of by the Bagdad Inspector (Mr. Henry Thompson). The Inspector mistakes our hero for the Captain of the Forty Thieves, of whom he is in search, a certain "neighbouring Pacha" having been robbed of wealth, Bayaderes and Circassian slaves, by that band of formidable predators. After a scuffle, however, Ali Baba and his two companions, biped and quadruped, effect their escape; but, lured by Dryadella (Miss Louisa Graham) and her attendant Dryads, inhabiting the trees of the forest, and naturally inconvenienced by the exercise of the woodcutter's calling, they are brought to the immediate vicinity of the cavern in which the Forty Thieves reside. The Dryads, harassed by the thieves on the one hand, and by Ali Baba's forced means of earning a livelihood at their expense on the other, hope to "kill two birds with one stone." They reason with themselves that by aiding the woodcutter to get possession of the treasure which is hoarded in the cave he will be enabled thenceforth to exist without cutting down their trees; and, further, that the discovery of the robbers' secret will lead to their apprehension, by which means they will be rid of both enemies at once. The step decided upon, the scene changes to The Dryads' Sylvan Home by Moonlight, which happens to be close to the cave in which the Forty Thieves have hoarded up their wealth. Here, as a preliminary, we have a terpsichorean display in the form of a Grand Pas des Forêts, which lasts until daybreak, when, with traditional punctuality, the Dryads "take their leaves." Ali Baba, overhearing from a tree the cabalistic words, "Open Sesame!" pronounced by the Chief of the Forty Thieves, obtains an entrance to the cavern, and takes possession of as much treasure as himself, his son, and his donkey can carry home. At the house of the fortunate woodcutter we are next introduced to his wife, Cogia (Mr. Kewper), his children, and his maid-of-all-work, the famous Morgiana (Miss Ada Harland), in love with Ganem for the occasion. A scene of domestic happiness is speedily interrupted by the unwelcome arrival of brother Cassim, who, instead of sending the measure which Morgiana is enjoined to borrow, comes round with it himself, and is speedily apprised of Ali Baba's good luck. Although he revealed the *mot d'entrée*, Ali Baba obstinately refuses to tell the place of his newly-found wealth to this greedy and suspicious relative. The difficulty, however, is solved by a thoroughly pantomimic expedient. Ganem produces a carrot, with which Cassim tempts

the donkey, who, in spite of the dissuasive efforts of Ali Baba and his wife, rushes off in the direction of the cavern, hastily followed by Cassim. The scene now changes to the Club Cavern of the Forty Thieves, where Abdallah is carousing at the expense of the despoiled Pacha, already mentioned, not only regaling himself and his companions with a sumptuous repast, but treating them to a characteristic dance in the form of a Grand Bacchanal of Almées and Bayaderes. The revels, however, are suddenly cut short by the appearance from underground of the "cabalistic" usurer, Orchobrand, who, the three-days' grace having expired, arrests Abdallah, the spendthrift captain, whom he carries away with him to the regions below. Meanwhile Cassim, having obtained access to the cavern through the magic "Open Sesame," is confronted by the thieves and disposed of in accordance with the best authorities, though not under exactly similar circumstances. Enough, he is "cut in quarters without a division," not before the eyes of the audience, but in consonance with the Horatian injunction, behind the scenes. The donkey, however, contrived to escape, pursued by Hassarac (Miss Rachel Sanger), who has taken the place of Abdallah as captain of the Forty Thieves. The climax approaches. Hassarac, keeping sight of the donkey, traces him (in the scene following—A street in Bagdad) to the door of Ali Baba's house. Here he encounters the usurer, in guise of an old-clothes' man, who for purposes of his own aids and abets Hassarac's design, which is to rob and murder Ali Baba. He supplies him with the garb of a merchant, and with forty jars, supposed to contain oil ("cod-liver oil"), but which, it is scarcely necessary to add, are intended for the hiding-places of the Forty Thieves (historically at the present juncture only thirty-eight). By means of these expedients Hassarac elicits the proffered hospitality of Ali Baba and is admitted to the house, together with the jars of supposititious oil. Morgiana, however, as usual on the alert, is secretly apprehensive of treachery, and availing herself of a marked attachment to her person on the part of the Inspector, enlists that worthy with the hope of frustrating it. The catastrophe, which it is unnecessary to set forth in detail, is accompanied by a variety of "comic business," appropriate enough, and for the most part really "comic"—one of the sapient incidents of which is the jealousy between Ganem and the Inspector, both of whom are in love with Morgiana, and another a serenade on the trombone, with which Ganem regales the mistress of his affections. Suffice it that, in place of the dénouement familiar to the readers of the "Arabian Nights," the thieves, at the signal agreed upon with their captain, but now delivered by Morgiana, issue from their respective jars to be forthwith taken captive in a body by the Bagdad police, the Inspector himself taking charge of the "transformation" in the Enchanted Home of the Genii on the Golden Heights of Sunshine, where Orchobrand, the scheming (and "cabalistic") usurer, equally meets his sentence.

THE BOAR'S HEAD CAROL.—An ancient Christmas carol is sung every Christmas Day in the hall of Queen's College, Oxford, a gigantic boar's head being borne on the shoulders of serving-men into the college hall. A Choragus sings the solo, and all present join the magnificent refrain—"Caput Apri defero." The first edition of this Carol of the Boar's Head was published, in quaint English, by Wynkin de Worde, in 1521. The carol, however, is probably much older than this.

Solo.	The boar's head in hand bear I, Bedecked with bays and rosemary, And I pray you, my masters, be merry, Quot estis in convivio.
Chorus.	Caput Apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino.
Solo.	The boar's head, as I understand, Is the bravest dish in all the land, When thus bedeck'd with a gay garland, Let us serve cantic.
Chorus.	Caput Apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino.
Solo.	Our steward hath provided this In honour of the King of Biles, Which on this day to be served is In Regimens Atrio.
Chorus.	Caput Apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino.

The legend which led to the composition of this song is that a student of Queen's College was attacked by a wild boar in Shotover Forest, near Oxford (of which no trace now remains). The wild boar charged his foe with open mouth. The student, having only "Arma Scholastica" as his weapons of defence, cleverly threw the copy of Aristotle's Ethics, which he happened to be studying, down the boar's throat. This had the natural effect of choking the quadruped, an effect it has since had on many bipeds. The head of this ancient "learned pig" was afterwards served up in Queen's College Hall, and the above carol preserves the memory of the event.

HAMPSTEAD-HEATH.—Hampstead-Heath is one of those commons which come under the provisions of the Metropolitan Commons Act of last Session (29th and 30th of Victoria, cap. 122), but it is rather difficult to discover in what manner those who require to enjoy the benefits of the common are to obtain them. Although the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the heath have recently been meeting and agitating, in consequence of Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson having let part of it on building leases, and houses being in course of construction, we don't see what good can be done unless money can be found to purchase the interest of the present proprietor. Parliament has, we believe, more than once refused to give Sir T. M. Wilson the powers he has asked—namely, to grant building leases for long terms of years, and he is now doing his utmost by granting leases for twenty-one years. On the one hand, then, we see the proprietor of the soil doing his best to make it profitable during his life tenancy; and, on the other hand, we have the public, weakly represented by the inhabitants of Hampstead and the neighbourhood, endeavouring to cause the heath to be retained for ever as an open common. Now is their time, or never; for it will be too late when the heath is covered with houses, as it seems likely to be in a few years, unless immediate steps are taken to ensure it for the public. The Act of last Session will not, probably, afford much assistance in obtaining the desired object, for by it the onus of moving in the matter is thrown on the local authorities, and so far as we understand the rights of the case, in the instance of Hampstead-Heath, a considerable sum of money must be provided before the public can call the heath its own. If the inhabitants of the locality are patriotic enough to lay down the money themselves the difficulty may be overcome, or if they are powerful enough to collect it among their friends they may succeed; but they may with good reason ask why they, a very small portion of the public, should be left to do what is in reality for the benefit of the public at large, and more immediately of a very different class of people than that of which they are as a body composed. It appears, indeed, only reasonable, if the heath be necessary for the public, that the public should pay for it, and that the public money should be devoted to this purpose. We do not, however, by public money mean the Consolidated Fund, but a rate imposed on the metropolitan district by Parliamentary authority. We are anxious to disclaim the too prevalent notion that it is just to tax the country at large for the benefit of London and the neighbourhood. We see no reason why the money of the State should be expended in the improvement of London any more than of Glasgow, or Liverpool, or Belfast. Thus explained, however, we do not pretend to advocate this plan, neither do we see any ground for opposing it should it be entertained; but it seems certain that if the purchase of the heath is to be dependent on private means alone, without the aid of the public, the Act of last Session must remain, so far as regards Hampstead-Heath, a dead letter till the end of time.—*Solicitors' Journal*.

A FARMER OF HISTORIC NOTE.—A highly respectable farmer, named Rolfe, has just died at Beaconsfield, at an advanced age, about whom a passing word is but justice to his memory. This Mr. Rolfe was son of the farm-bailiff of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, and had been the original of the famous picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds of "The Infant Hercules." Mr. Jesse, in his "Favourite Haunts," recounting his visit to Beaconsfield in 1845, thus refers to the circumstance:—"Mr. Rolfe's mother-in-law," writes Mr. Jesse, "told me a circumstance that I was little prepared to hear; it was the fact that her good, honest, and portly son-in-law, whom I saw before me, had been the very infant whom Sir Joshua Reynolds took as the model of his well-known picture of 'The Infant Hercules.' The infant's father was the farm-bailiff of Mr. Burke, with whom he was an especial favourite, that great man in his happier days frequently coming to the cottage, sometimes eating potatoes roasted in the embers of a wood fire, and once trying the merits of a rook or jackdaw pie, or rather a mixture of both." Sir Joshua Reynolds, when visiting at Burke's, happened to see the infant Rolfe sprawling on the grass, and was struck with the look of strength the child possessed, and he took him for his model of the demigod, all-powerful even in his tenderest years. Rolfe did not believe the opinion of the painter. He grew up a very strong and stalwart man, and so he appeared even in his old age, when he was familiarly known to the last as "The Infant Hercules."—*Scotsman*.

FINE ARTS.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S ORIGINAL DRAWINGS FOR "ELAINE."

THE public have seen so much of Doré's engraved work of late, from his early comic sketches, reprinted by Messrs. Warne and Co., to the Milton of Messrs. Cassell, that they will no doubt rejoice at the opportunity afforded them of seeing his original drawings, now on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's. We believe that it is an opportunity which does not offer itself frequently, for, as a rule, the great French artist works directly on the wood, so that his pictures are fated in most instances to disappear beneath the graver.

The nine drawings which form the series of illustrations to the Poet Laureate's great Idyl, "Elaine," are fair examples of the various styles which Doré can adopt, as the subject calls for them. They exhibit him to advantage, though not perhaps at his strongest, for he has sternly refrained, even in an instance where it would have been perfectly allowable, from heightening the terrible by a grim admixture of the grotesque. One of them displays the weak point in his harness—the lack of power to express female loveliness.

As works of art the drawings are of a high order of merit. Composition and chiaroscuro are mastered with vigorous breadth, and even in the least happy of the series the effect and colour are marvellous. Regarded as illustrations of "Elaine," their success is more doubtful. The whole interest of that matchless poem centres about "the lily maid;" and, as we have said before, female loveliness is just the one thing which Doré's pencil fails to realise. Then, again, owing possibly to the difficulty the translator must have found in rendering the Laureate's noble English into an exact French equivalent, much of the subtlety of illustration is lost. But it is to be feared that Doré, like many thorough artists, cannot always sacrifice effect for truth, or perhaps finds the hand work more rapidly than the mind can absorb the details of the subject. In some instances this missing of important points amounts almost to disregard of the text, and is to be much lamented. For example, in the picture wherein

the dead

Steered by the dumb went upward with the flood,

we have a rendering which is exactly opposite to the poet's idea. A sturdy yeoman tugging at the oar of a heavy boat does not adequately represent the picture presented to the mind's eye by the Laureate's words, the picture of a barge with a silken awning, with blazonings and pennons going with the flood—that is, drifted on the tide—with the silent helmsman directing the quiet course by an almost imperceptible movement of the rudder.

Undoubtedly the finest pictures are "Arthur Finding the Skeleton of the Dead King in the Abhorred Vale;" "Lancelot Riding Through the Dales to Astolat;" and "Lancelot Mourning for Elaine beside the Brook." In this latter, by-the-way, we fancy a small brook on a desolate moor would have given Mr. Tennyson's idea better than the margin of a broad river, which does not suggest solitude.

The engravings, which are also on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's, prove the truth of what was suggested in these columns when first the idea of reproducing the pictures on steel was mentioned—viz., that the material is inadequate for the expression of the vigorous breadth of effect and contrast, in which Doré stands pre-eminent.

The engravers have, indeed, acquitted themselves admirably. Their names are famous ones, and they have done work worthy of their reputation. But we cannot help thinking they should never have been called upon to do it. They have turned out splendid engravings; but they have not reproduced Doré, for the simple reason that to do so was not within scope of the material. We should no more blame them that they have failed than we should condemn the musician who is asked to perform a sonata on a piano with a compass of only six octaves.

In truth, the time of steel-engraving seems to have gone by. Wood-engraving has outstripped it, within the last twenty years, most completely. Before that time both arts had much that was mechanical in them. There were set methods for reproducing certain effects; and when, therefore, an artist wished to give his own touch he had recourse to etching. But the time when an engraver having a tree to engrave ran it round with an outlying tool, inked it, and then cut the foliage-pattern on it is gone by. Artists put their work on the wood now exactly as they wish to see it on the paper, and engraving is, as a rule, the facsimile reproduction of the artist's lining. This would seem at first sight to be more mechanical than the old method; but it requires, on the contrary, a superior intelligence and artistic appreciation of no mean order; for the hair's-breadth diminution of the breadth of a line is enough to destroy the artist's purpose.

Doré appears to great advantage in such of his drawings as can be engraved on this principle. His chief effects, however, can only be reproduced by cutting in tint, which is more like line-engraving. But the richness and colour obtainable from wood can never be equalled on metal, and hence the weakness observable in some of the engravings under notice, so that even here wood-engraving competes with steel-engraving on its own ground and beats it. Let the reader compare the breadth and richness of one of Doré's illustrations of Dante with the best among the pretty engravings under notice.

We have departed somewhat from the subject more immediately under consideration; but Doré is the artist on wood *par excellence*, and no criticism of his works would be complete without some discussion of the means taken to reproduce them. Nor will a brief consideration of the present state of wood-engraving be considered altogether thrown away when it is remembered how very inadequately and ignorantly wood-engravings are criticised nowadays. Reviewers call some woodcuts "scratchy engravings;" whereas, if the epithet is to be applied at all, it is to the drawing, which is not reproduced with the point, but left as it is drawn by the graver. Errors of printing are attributed to engraving and drawing indiscriminately by writers who have probably never seen an "overlay," and therefore are ignorant how far the success of a printed cut depends on the skill with which the printer applies that species of bas-relief of paper so as to strengthen or soften the impression. If literary critics should not be "ready-made," it is certain that those who write about art-books should serve some sort of apprenticeship which shall enable them to estimate artist and engraver aright, and to appreciate with the true catholicity of pure art the various qualifications of schools and individuals.

MILK AND WATER.—The introduction of some 500,000 gallons of milk into London per month from the country has not diminished the practice of adulteration. The chief ingredient used for this purpose is now, as heretofore, water. Anything more noxious than this is not often used. This is, of course, objectionable, as a fraud; and, moreover, there is reason to fear that water may be employed which is itself impure. When the mixture is made in the country, as is not uncommon, the sources of water supply are very liable to contamination from surface drainage, and from proximity to manure-heaps, cesspools, &c. The country supply of milk to London is subject to the inconvenience of considerable delay between the period of milking and delivery to customers. The dairy farms are not always near to the railway stations, and the trains do not run at the times best adapted for the milk trade. In most cases, milk which is obtained in the evening is not delivered till the morning, and sometimes not till the next afternoon. As a consequence, the milk is, especially in summer, either sour, or on the point of becoming so, when delivered to customers. Special milk-trains are provided on some of the railways, and, as the trade increases, should be provided on others. Shaking the milk has the effect of preventing the cream from rising so readily on the milk, which to some extent impairs its commercial value, though not its nutritive properties. It would be a good thing if railway companies would turn their attention to supplying spring carriages which should reduce the shaking to a minimum. We believe carriages have been devised for this purpose. At the present time it is probable that not more than half as many cows are kept in London as there were before the cattle plague. It is very important that the arrangements for the conveyance of country milk should be made as satisfactory as possible; otherwise we shall, in summer months, have an outcry against country milk, and shall have a vast increase in the number of London cows, much to the contamination of the air of the places where they are congregated. Some limit is put on the number of cows which can be kept in London by the system of annual licensing. This has operated very beneficially; but it would be much better if some general principle were prescribed, so that the regulations in all districts might be equally stringent, instead of their being left, as at present, dependent upon the activity of local boards and the judgment of the county magistrates in petty sessions.—*British Medical Journal*.

Literature.

Bent, not Broken. A Tale. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. Three Volumes. London: Tinsley Brothers.

Mr. Fenn has recently become well known by a series of "Star-light Readings," "Penny Readings," and some good holiday readings for boys, lately noticed in these columns; and although average novelists are no more rare than they are rich, some little attention may be expected for the writer's first important work of fiction. If readers put a moderate estimate on the probable results of Mr. Fenn's labour as a novelist, they will not be disappointed. That every page can be read with ease is more than can be said of most books, and would be rather too much to say of this. "Bent, not Broken," has a very meagre framework of story; and, as story is of course expected, what wonder if the reader gallops over page after page of certainly good writing, but which writing has nothing whatever to do with the plot? This will be soon observed, and the result will be as we have said; for at least nine tenths of the people who read novels read for the excitement of the story. They are in a hurry to know what became of Clifford, or, as Mr. Shirley Brooks once said in a humorous paper, "what became of the executioner?" The most brilliant pages of essay writing, or glowing descriptions of sunshine and flowers, would not console them for the pain of waiting for incident, no matter of what kind. Their curiosity is with flesh and blood, not with abstract ideas and speculations. It was all very well in "Hollowdell Grange" to give a month of boy's sport in the country, with no plot at all; but mature readers will scarcely consider such writing good for their own reading. "Bent, not Broken," is made up of stray chapters which frequently have but little coherence, although the characters are concerned in the adventures described. What has a day's fishing to do with human loves, misunderstandings, &c.? It is wrong to take up a number of pages with the incident of a dog-cart breaking down, where that incident does but interrupt the flow of the drama. Something of this kind may be occasionally allowed to all novelists; but, surely, the great writers have made all incidents which are not absolutely part of the story brilliant vehicles for the elucidation of character. Mr. Fenn does not do this. Indeed, his people have very little character to boast of; and the fast young man from London, with "loud" trousers and endless watchguard, &c., who is derided by all the others and by the author himself, is the truest of all as a character, and the best fellow into the bargain. The young gentlemen cannot be admired, and the young ladies are rather insipid. One of the latter changes her love easily and unaccountably, stamps her feet, banisters her brother about every girl in the neighbourhood, and addresses him smartly as "Sir." In life, no such girl would get any kind of husband on any terms. The interest of the book is kept up by two friends loving the same woman, the successful man being tried for the murder of his own stepfather, the faithfulness of his betrothed, and a strong suspicion of treachery on the part of his friend. The making up of this is more good than new; but it is commendable, and would have been more effective with condensation. It must be understood that, whilst we condemn the discursive nature of the story, the chapter on the race, the break down of the trap, or the fight with the robbers, we are expressing a public opinion rather than our own, and it is right to add that such chapters are written with infinite spirit and knowledge of all matters to which they refer. Without intruding further on the story, it is necessary to say, in favour of Mr. Fenn, that while he runs over many chapters which are absolutely unnecessary (there was need of the Australian scenes), they are so well done that they are read eagerly even by those who forget that the young people might have married, and lived happily without any travelling beyond that from their own homes to the church door. "Bent, not Broken" is better than many novels we meet; but certainly not the best that is to come from Mr. Fenn.

Wit and Humour. Poems. By "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." London: J. C. Hotten.

We do not quite understand this collection. It contains some of the poems of Dr. Holmes which were first printed in "The Autocrat," including many of the best of them, such as the "One-hoss Shay" and some of the poems which are to be found in the volume issued by Messrs. Routledge. But why not all? On what principle is the selection made? Where is "Astrea"? Where is "Urania"? The latter contains as much humorously-put practical wisdom as any poem that ever was written, and it is not too long for insertion. On the other hand, we find in Mr. Hotten's collection one or two poems which are not to be found either in "The Autocrat" or in Routledge's collection—reason good! they were not written when those books were printed. The best of these is "The Farewell to Agassiz," which might have been written by Thackeray, and is, we fancy, the strongest thing Dr. Holmes has done. Volume and strength are the characteristics which his verse most frequently misses; but we find them both in those admirable lines.

Instead of quoting from Dr. Holmes, we shall quote what is incidentally given in the preface by Mr. Hotten—Mr. Thackeray's own corrected version of "Little Billie":—

THE THREE SAILORS.

There were three sailors in Bristol city,
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billie.

Now very soon, they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"I am confounded hung-ery."

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
"We have no wittles, so we must eat 'er."

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"O gorging Jim, what a fool you be!"

"There's a little Bill, as is young and tender;
We're old and tough; so let's eat 'er."

"O Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemise."

When Bill, he heard this information,
He used his pocket handkerchieve.

"Oh, let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me."

"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jacky,
Whilst Jim pulled out his snickersee.

So Bill went up the maintopgallant mast,
Where down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had said his catechism,
When up he jumps, "There's land I see!"

"There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Ameri-kye."

"There's the British Fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they come to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged first Jack and flogged Jim-my.

But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a seventy-three.

In answer to the question whether the air to which Mr. Thackeray used to sing this song has been preserved, we are able to say yes, it has. We have heard it sung, and could, upon hearing it again, easily furnish the air. But, as we have heard it, the line which here stands—

He scarce had said his catechism,

stood—

But he had not got to the twelfth Commandment,

which we like better.

MORE BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Early Start in Life. By EMILIA MARRYATT NORRIS (daughter of the late Captain Marryatt). With Illustrations by J. Lawson. *Casimir, the Little Exile.* By CAROLINE PEACHEY. With Illustrations by Clark Stanton, A.R.S.A.

Wild Roses; or, Simple Stories of Country Life. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP. With Illustrations by H. Anelay. London: Griffith and Farran.

Old Gems Re-set. By the Author of "Village Missionaries," &c. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

My Father's Garden. By THOMAS MILLER. With Forty Illustrations. London: Routledge and Sons.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran have issued some very good "young people" books for the insatiable season. Miss Marryatt (now Mrs. Norris) is well known for excellent children's books; but "The Early Start in Life" is a far higher flight than "What Became of Tommy" or "Harry at School." It is a story of some young people, suddenly left orphans, going to Australia and having a fair crop of adventures and much good fortune, on the whole. With plain common-sense and the mildest amount of preaching, Mrs. Norris contrasts her good and bad people—not rewarding the good too lavishly, and giving plenty of wise charity for the bad. In such a book adventure must be looked for, rather than the interest of a novel; and here is plenty of adventure and incident, and just a little love-making, in order to make life in the bush pleasant. Some of the characters are charmingly drawn, and cannot fail to be interesting. Mr. Lawson's pictures are remarkably free and vigorous.

Caroline Peachey is a new name, but one that will soon make itself known and admired. The Polish horrors of 1792 supply material for the story of Casimir, a Polish noble, who is left an orphan at the age of ten, and sets out for Dresden in search of relatives. His adventures on the road are interesting and exciting; but the relatives are cool to little Casimir, who, in consequence, indulges in art-learning amongst the potteries, makes many friends, and finally comes to England to meet other relatives, who prove to be the best friends in the world. There his story is broken off, but it promises all happiness at the Richmond home. A more innocent and delightful tale could not be found; and some of the woodcuts—Katrina with the Nettles, for instance—are delicious.

Mrs. Broderip's title, "Wild Roses; or, Simple Stories of Country Life," exactly describes her book, which some titles do not. It would be absurd to go into particulars of the tales; but we were much pleased with the country freshness of "Polly's Pupil" and the good fortune brought by "Peter the Cat." "The Fruit of Idle Words" does not verge too closely on the morality of the late Mrs. Trimmer, and the lame boy's story may prove too affecting for many young eyes. All the volume may be recommended—yes, including the illustrations, which might, however, have been much better.

The "Old Gems Re-set" are lessons from Scripture, told in the severest manner. A gentle woman's heart would surely know how to teach the Bible to the young so that they would love it. Now, these sermonettes are best calculated to frighten children, and to make them very careless, therefore, when they grow up. But this is only possible provided the children can understand the sermonettes; and it is very possible that they cannot.

Mr. Thomas Miller is well known as a warm lover and successful delineator of rural scenes, rural occupations, rural characters, and rural beauties. "A life in the woods," or the fields, or the garden, is the thing for him; and he has the knack of making others in love with the scenes and occupations of which he is so much enamoured himself. This he has proved on many occasions, and on none more strikingly than in his latest work, "My Father's Garden." We have here a nicely and simply told story, the end and aim of which is to show how gardening may be a source of great pleasure, of some profit, and much wholesome instruction: an excellent purpose, excellently worked out. Old Daisyfield Farm and its associations will, we are sure, long live in many a youthful remembrance; and how the garden was cultivated, we hope, will find numerous imitators.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Child's Play. By E. V. B. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

We made some remarks in a late Number on the blessing which the old stock nursery tales had been to publishers and illustrators. What we said of that class of productions is equally true of a kindred style of literature—nursery rhymes. These, too, have been thoroughly well worked by publishers, who have generally preferred to have the old rhymes, however silly, re-illustrated, rather than adventuring upon the attempt to produce new ones. And probably they are right, viewing the matter from their stand-point. Perhaps we are great Goths, Vandals, and so forth; but we must confess that we do not see the transcendent merits of many old nursery rhymes, and cannot help thinking that the present generation of caterers for the entertainment of the infantile mind must be a pack of precisely "barren rascals," if they cannot improve upon some of the silly nonsense with which it has long been, and is still, the practice to—as we think—insult even the minds of children. For instance, we have before us a very elaborately illustrated and carefully printed book, entitled "Child's Play," published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., and stated on the titlepage to be "by E. V. B." and which appears to us to be a decided instance of misdirected ingenuity. It is now a considerable time since we were denizens of the nursery, or had any particular occasion to "pursue our studies" therein, and therefore our memory is a little rusted in regard to the literature current in that interesting region. So we are not quite sure that all the rhymes given in this volume are old, though some of them, being familiar to us, undoubtedly are. Consequently we are a little puzzled to understand exactly what the title of this book means. "Child's Play," by E. V. B. Are we to understand that "E. V. B." has written the rhymes, or only drawn the illustrations? The latter, we presume, is the notion intended to be conveyed; for surely "E. V. B." would scarcely boast of having perpetrated this:—

TOM TICKLER'S GROUND.

Here we are on Tom Tickler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver;
'Mong daisies and lilies,
And daffadown-dillies,
Oh! who wouldn't be a delver!

These be not very elegant, very elevating, or very instructive rhymes; and surely the child capable of appreciating the picture that accompanies them must be capable of understanding something more rational than these inanities. This is the fault we wish to point out in this book. The pictures are of some excellence, both as regards conception and execution; they have been admirably printed in colours and with tints by Mr. Dickes, the publisher has furnished beautifully thick and fine paper, and the binder (Mr. Bone) has done up the book in handsome and substantial boards. Surely such drawing, such printing, such paper, and such binding were worthy of something better than the bulk of these rhymes, even though they be old. As a consequence of the "ill-assorted marriages" exhibited in "Child's Play," not a few of the pictures have little or no connection with the rhymes they are supposed to illustrate. This is eminently the case in the instance we have selected for comment. The "daisies and lilies and daffadown-dillies" be here; but nobody is "picking up gold and silver," and nobody is being "a delver." It may be true, as the line from Schiller on the titlepage tells us, that "Deep meaning lieth oft in childish play;" but this book scarcely shows it. Why could not a rhyme-making "yoke-fellow" worthy of the illustrator have been engaged, and so have secured a book somewhat more equal in its several parts than this?

Lightsome and the Little Golden Lady. By C. H. BENNETT. London: Griffith and Farran.

This is an original fairy tale, written and illustrated by Mr. C. H. Bennett, the incidents being supposed to have "happened in a place

high up in the sky, and far beyond the clouds." And we must confess that a good part of the story, mainly much of the moral which we suppose is intended to be taught, seems rather cloudy to our powers of comprehension. As far, however, as we can understand Mr. Bennett's aim, he means to teach the wickedness of avarice, idleness, and envy, as embodied in old Nipchese and his two sons, Skimbal and Skambal, and the virtue of industry and cheerful benevolence as embodied in Young Lightsome. The Little Golden Lady is, of course, the good fairy of the tale. The illustrations, we dare say, will be regarded as the best part of the performance; and they are certainly good of their sort, as they could not fail to be, considering that they are from the pencil of Mr. C. H. Bennett. Might we respectfully suggest, however, that Mr. B. has now nearly reached the point at which this humanising of animals or animalising of humans will begin to carry an air of "overdone" about it? The literary part of the story is tolerably well told; there are occasional touches of humour and even pathos, which come upon us very pleasingly. Here, again, however, we cannot help taking exception to Mr. Bennett's work. It is, of course, highly desirable to teach good moral lessons to children; but it is also desirable that this should be done in good grammar. Hence we are sorry to find Mr. Bennett falling into several very ugly cockneyisms, one or two of which are not the less objectionable because they are common. These we may as well point out, in order that they may be rectified in future editions, which we hope and believe will be called for. On page 12 we read, "for as soon as he had laid down he felt somebody pulling his great ear;" "how can the fishes be caught if you lay idle there?" and on page 16, "he started off to the wood, saying nothing to nobody." This last, perhaps, is intended for a pleasantry; but children, we fear, will be more likely to catch and repeat the faulty phrase than to see the fun. This little tale, however, is a reasonably fair attempt at originality in fairy literature, and as such we commend it to attention.

The Child's Natural History. In Words of Four Syllables. Written and Illustrated by A. L. BOND. London: Routledge and Sons.

The best notice we can give of this neat little book is to reprint the gist of the preface, and to say that the object aimed at has been very successfully attained. The preface, then, says that the "work has been written in the hope of supplying a deficiency often felt by those engaged in teaching very young children. Many excellent little books, beginning in words of four letters, change so soon to a larger number, that there are really few with which a child can amuse himself by reading without help; and few, also, from which dictation lessons can be given at an early age. Natural history is so interesting to all children that it has been thought that a simple form of it might prove attractive, and give the desire for a further acquaintance with the subject." We have only to add a hearty "Amen" to everything here set forth.

The Children's Picture-Book of the Sagacity of Animals. Illustrated with Sixty Engravings by Harrison Weir. London: Sampson Low and Co.

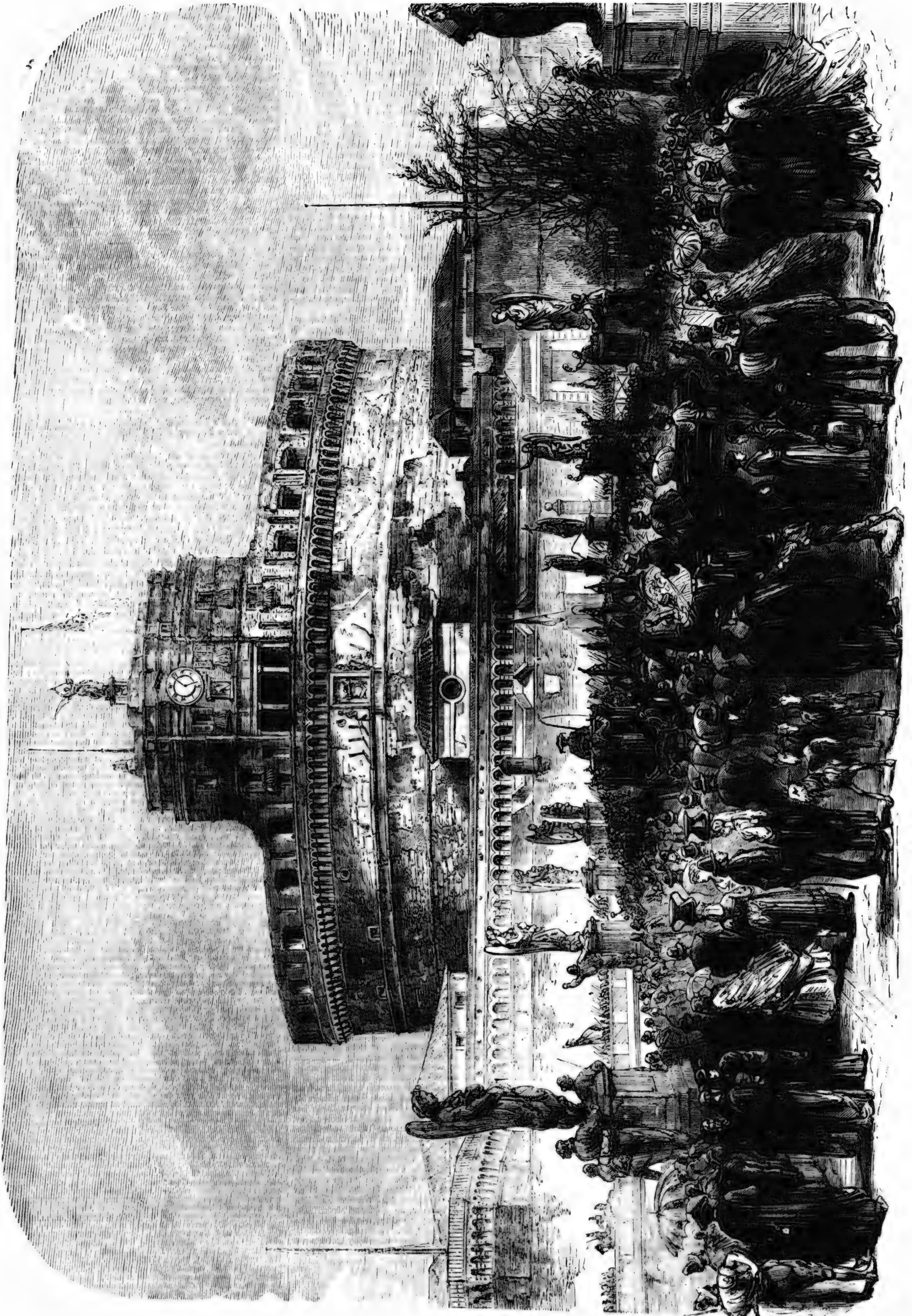
This is a reissue of an old friend, but is not the less welcome because the titlepage bears the date of 1862. The anecdotes of animal sagacity are pleasingly told, and the illustrations, it need hardly be said, are natural and appropriate: the designs of Mr. Harrison Weir always are when he is engaged in depicting animals. The book, although addressed to children, is evidently designed for those of larger growth than the denizens of the nursery.

The Children's Hour Annual. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

The remark made at the close of the preceding notice is also applicable to the volume before us. "The Children's Hour Annual" is a collection of moral and religious stories, neatly illustrated, and suitable for children whose minds have been opened to a certain degree of intelligence. It is a book to be read and pondered; not merely looked at and torn to pieces. The very kind of volume, this, for serious parents to put into their children's hands.

A YEAR'S RAILWAY WORK.

MAKING every allowance for the undue diversion of capital into railway investments under the influence of a speculative mania, the rapid growth of the railway system of the United Kingdom to its present dimensions must be accepted as a remarkable proof of the progress of the country. During the forty-one years which have passed since Stephenson ran his first train on the Stockton and Darlington line, the railways of the kingdom have absorbed £500,000,000 of capital, and extend over 14,000 miles. In 1865 (for which the Board of Trade returns have just been issued) the length of lines was 13,289 miles, of which more than a third were single lines and the rest double. This was an increase of 500 miles over the preceding year, and we may safely add another 1000 miles for the two succeeding years. It is more than probable that there will be a comparative lull for some time to come in railway construction. The main trunk lines have now been laid out, and little more is wanted than links and branches. There remains, however, abundant scope for the energy of the companies in developing traffic on the existing railways. The statistics of a year's work on the railways afford a striking illustration of the constant activity of our busy population, as well as of the important part which this means of communication plays in the social and industrial life of the nation. We find that, in 1865, 3,448,509 passenger-trains, carrying 251,862,715 passengers, travelled 17,206,818 miles, while 2,108,198 goods-trains transported 15,179,000 horses, dogs, cattle, and other stock, 77,805,786 tons of minerals, and 36,787,638 tons of general merchandise over 68,320,309 miles. Thus, taking passenger and goods trains together, it appears that they travelled in the twelve months as great a distance as from the earth to the sun and about half the way back again. In order to do this the companies had to keep a rolling stock of 7414 locomotives, 17,997 passenger-coaches, and 233,360 goods waggons, trucks, &c. This, together with the cost of permanent way, management, servants, lawyers' bills, and compensation for accidents, involved an expenditure of £17,211,000. On the other hand, there was received for passengers' fares £16,572,000, and for goods £19,318,000—together £35,890,000, which leaves a balance of profit for the companies of about £18,679,000. There was another expenditure, however, which must be reckoned too. It is represented in money as £233,533 for compensation (more than twice as much as in 1864), and comprises the loss of 221 lives and the injury of 1132 persons. The companies, however, acknowledge their responsibility for the destruction of only twenty-three of these victims and the wounding of 1034 others; these came to grief through what is euphuistically called "causes beyond their own control." The rest suffered either through their own negligence or because they were where they had no business to be, or were only servants of the companies. There is a list of 122 of the last-mentioned class killed and eighty-three injured; but the companies are not compelled by law to send a note of such trifles to the Board of Trade (on the principle, we must presume, that they are entitled to do what they like with their own), and it may be safely concluded that this list is very far from being complete. The causes of all this slaughter and maiming demand a separate investigation. In 1865, the year in question, the total authorised capital of the British and Irish railways was £378,425,000, of which £358,362,000 had been paid up. On the last day of the year there were outstanding debenture loans to the amount of £97,821,000. What is implied by the railway interest—its hold on the country and monetary value—may be gathered from the following statistics:—The first railway in the United Kingdom in length and revenue is the London and North-Western, extending over 1274 miles and drawing £6,276,879 of annual receipts. Next comes the Great Western, 1256 miles long, with £3,585,614 of annual receipts; followed by the North-Eastern, 1205 miles, and £3,529,288 annual receipts; the Great Eastern, 756 miles, and £1,690,269 receipts; the North British, 723 miles and £1,309,865; Midland, 700 miles, £2,728,131; the London and South-Western, 576 miles, and £1,477,843; the Caledonian, 494 miles, and £1,432,475; the Lancashire and Yorkshire, 431 miles, and £2,130,643; the London and Brighton, 275 miles, and £1,065,116; the London, Chatham, and Dover, 132 miles, and £446,896. The profits of railway work, however, are not necessarily in proportion to length of mileage or amount of revenue. The average dividends on ordinary stock for 1865 were—Great Northern, 7½; London and North-Western, 6½; North-Eastern, 3 to 4½; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 5½; Caledonian, 4½ to 7½; Midland, 4½ to 6½; London and Brighton, 5½; Great Western, 3½; South-Eastern, 3½; Great Western, 102 to 4-50; North British, nil to 4½ (in this case dividends being "cooked" out of capital); Great Eastern, nil; London, Chatham, and Dover, nil. Some of the smallest lines in the country pay the highest dividends, as, for instance, the Whitehaven, Cleator, and Egremont, 10 miles, 10 per cent dividend; Whitehaven Junction, 13 miles, 10 per cent; Furness, 63 miles, 10 per cent; Taft Vale, 76 miles, 9½ per cent; Blythe and Tyne 36 miles, 9½ per cent. There were 91 railways in England, 28 in Ireland, and 11 in Scotland which paid no dividend at all in 1865.—*Post Mail Gazette.*



THE FRENCH GARRISON EVACUATING THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE FRENCH TROOPS FROM ROME.

THE Pope is left to stand alone. The streets of the great Imperial City no longer resound to the bugle that assembled the smart little Gallic warriors, who looked like so many red-legged partridges marching jauntily to quarters. Our engraving is taken from a sketch of the exterior of the Fortress of St. Angelo when the French garrison were taking their departure. This fortress—which, with the Vatican, the Transtevere, the Hospital of San Spirito, and the other buildings of the Borgo, constitutes the third division of the Imperial City on the right bank of the Tiber—is, after all, but little of a fortification. The massive circular tower was built by Hadrian for his mausoleum; and ramparts, ditches, and other defences, as well as the mounted cannon, were adopted by Pope Boniface IX., and continued by his successors. The place is the citadel of Rome, but it could not be defended for any length of time. It is used as a State prison, as well as a house of correction.

The Borgo, or Città Leonina, extends from the Bridge of St. Angelo to the Palace of St. Peter, and is one of the most interesting portions of the city. On great public occasions large assemblages of people occupy this quarter; but during the evacuation of the place by the French army of occupation no particular excitement was manifested. In fact, the whole affair was so quietly conducted—one regiment at a time leaving the castle for the railway station early each morning—that no especial attention was called to the proceeding.

GENERAL DIX.

GENERAL DIX, whose Portrait we publish this week, has just arrived at Paris to succeed Mr. John Bigelow as Minister of the United States; and, at a time when the relations between France and America are so peculiar, the temper and diplomatic ability of the representative of the Great Republic are of the utmost importance. The General is certainly held in considerable estimation in his own country, and there can be little doubt that the office which he is called upon to sustain will be maintained with a wise dignity, which may have the happiest results. General Dix was born in New Hampshire, in 1797, and is, therefore, sixty-nine years old. He has already held office as Chief of the Exchequer in his Government and was chosen as Military Commander at New York at that period when a revolutionary outbreak was considered imminent in that city.

On Sunday the Emperor Napoleon received the new Turkish Ambassador and also the new American Minister, General Dix, to present their credentials. The latter addressed his Majesty in these terms:—"Sire,—In presenting my credentials upon the part of the President of the United States, I am charged by him to express his best wishes for your Majesty and for the prosperity of the French empire, as well as his sincere desire that the good understanding at present subsisting between the two countries may be perpetual. Since the establishment of their Government it has always been the aim of the United States to cultivate friendly relations with all nations. There are especial reasons for their desire to entertain the most amicable relations with France. They can never forget that she afforded them most opportune and most efficacious assistance in recognising their independent and equal rank among the other nations of the earth. The two countries—France during your Majesty's reign

and the United States during the corresponding period—have made extraordinary progress in the industrial arts and in the application of science to practical purposes. Each upon its side occupying an eminent position at the head of the civilisation of two vast continents, the influence of their sympathetic movement, in giving expansion to ideas and imprinting progress upon material interests so important to the welfare of nations, cannot fail to make itself powerfully felt, and with advantages far beyond their immediate action. I feel convinced I do not exaggerate the sentiments of the Government and the people of the United States when I say that it is their sincere desire to see this union, which attached them to France in times gone by, ripen in the future, to change into still closer and more cordial friendship. I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if, during the accomplishment of my official duties towards your Majesty's Government, I am able to contribute in any degree to



GENERAL DIX, THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER IN PARIS.

this object, so intimately bound up with the prosperity and the happiness of the two countries and with the interests of humanity throughout the entire world."

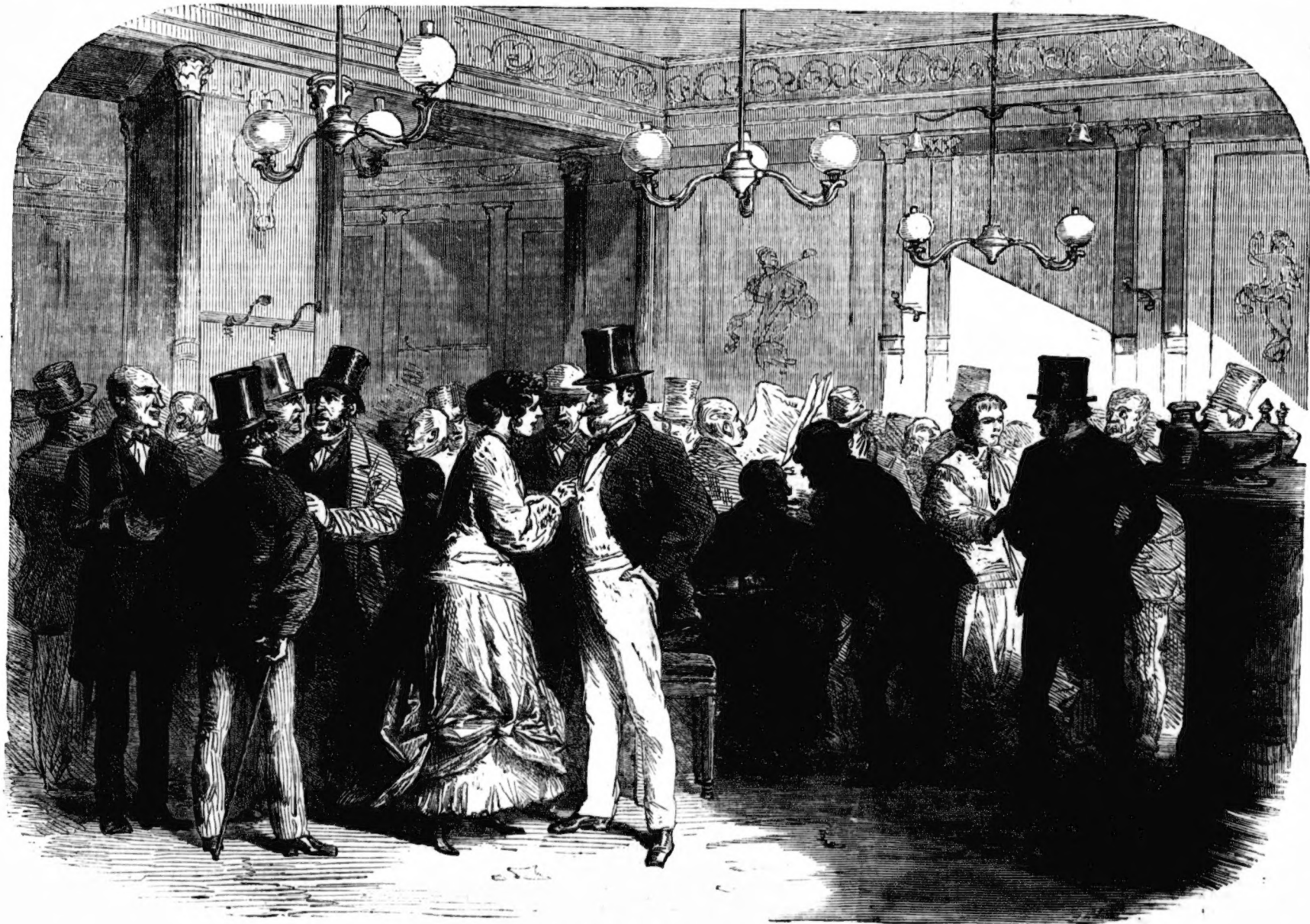
The Emperor replied:—"I thank you, General, for the sentiments you express towards me in the name of the Government of the United States. The historical reminiscences you call up are a sure guarantee that no misunderstanding will arise to disturb the friendly relations so long existing between France and the American Union. A loyal and sincere agreement will, I doubt not, profit both industry and commerce, which daily astonish the world by their marvels, and will secure the progress of civilisation. Your presence among us cannot but contribute to this happy result by upholding the relations to which I attach the utmost value."

THE SPECULATORS ON THE FRENCH BOURSE.

IN Paris almost everybody has some interest in the Stock Exchange. It is a rare thing in our own country to see strangers hanging about the sacred precincts of Capel-court, jostling the jobbers who lurk outside the doors or getting in the way of the swift clerks and messengers, whose masters, with glossy hats and profuse wristbands, have the inestimable privilege of going within the walls. The excitement of the Paris Bourse is increased tenfold by the presence of shopkeepers, and even labourers (men and women), ladies of a speculative turn, and well-to-do lodging-house keepers, who like the stimulus of gambling with the prospect of large interest or the chance of a good share in the profits of a successful company. It is this which makes the Bourse itself so remarkable and renders a stroll amidst the cafés so interesting. At the latter the eager aspirants after profits sit or stand at the various little round tables, awaiting the messenger who appears and reappears at intervals to report the state of the market. It is a wonderful sight to see this Mercury, panting and jostling his way to the doors of the cafés, where he announces the course of exchange; to watch the change of expression on the faces of those present, who are affected for good or evil by the intelligence. The news-bearer receives his commissions, and hurries off to make way for another who has fresh intelligence to impart; and so the short commercial day hurries to a close. There are few sights more remarkable than these side scenes of the great theatre of speculation during a panic or an unusual period of excitement in the share market.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

VERY interesting discoveries have been made for some weeks past at Norton, East Riding, where a system of drainage is being effected in the streets of the town, which is built upon an ancient cemetery, dating about the Roman period. The town is immediately opposite the great camp (Derventio) at Malton, and is separated from it by the Derwent only, and had also a small camp of its own for the defence of the ford. The two places are also on the site of earlier British settlements; and of both British and Roman occupation traces are found—of the former only sparsely, comprising a few burials, pottery, and stone implements; but of the Roman period vast quantities of broken earthen vessels, some fibulae, coins, querns, and Samian ware, with potters' marks are found; along with burials, both cremated and otherwise, and the foundations of buildings and remains of huge fires. The Samian vessels found have the following makers' names impressed (so far as legible):—"CUP, with 'OF, PONTI,'" and other vessels, with "O . . . CART," "CAVA . . ."



FRENCH SPECULATORS IN A CAFE NEAR THE BOURSE.

and "R... FE." Of coins, those of Vespasian, Posthumus, Tetricus, Victorinus, Constantius, Valentinian, and Helena have been met with; and one coin, a rude imitation of a Roman type, struck after Roman rule, and a forged silver coin (plated), the exergue having "Antoninus Avgvstvs Rector Orbis." The skulls have been sent to the Rev. W. Greenwell, of Durham. The most noticeable discoveries were made as under:—

The section of the drainage was commenced in the slope of Wold-street, which necessitated a considerable depth of cutting, of which quite 7 ft. was of cast earth, abounding with fragments of Roman vessels of various kinds, and had large remains of fires, deposits of ashes and charcoal quite a foot thick remaining. These and the adjoining soil yielded the bones of the ox, sheep, boar, deer, and dog. In this street, among the cast earth, a very fine large quern of one of the metamorphic rocks was found, the iron spindle yet remaining. The under stone was of oolite. Near this quern was a very large vessel (in fragments) of a coarse pottery—probably a meal-pot. A portion of a fibula of twisted bronze wire, and a bifid bronze implement, the use of which cannot be guessed, were also found, with various small coins and ornate pieces of Samian ware. On putting in the first section in Commercial-street two years ago the Roman road was found, but that has been quite lost now, and the work is through an ancient cemetery. The work here turned to the east, and was taken up Wood-street. This street seems to cross the old cemetery, for, in digging cellars on each side Roman burials, or burials of that period or thereabouts, are regularly disturbed. Near a very large find of this kind some years back, the skeletons of a young woman, about twenty-five years, and a young child were found, laid at full length, with heads to the west, the woman being on the left side slightly. Nothing was found with these burials, and the bones got into the possession of a medical man at Norton, and are consequently lost to examination. The burials were just within the sand, and covered with 4 ft. of cast earth. Another skeleton was found close by on the same level, but lying north and south; this was too decayed to be removed. On the Beverley-road two more bodies were met with, having their heads to the north, and both with faces downwards; these burials were about 4 ft. deep and 1½ ft. into the sand, and near them was the bottom of a wheel-made vessel, which, however, could not be said to be associated with either body. Only one skull would bear removal; this was of a man, the length being 7½ in., breadth 5½ in., and height 5½ in.—therefore of dolichocephalic type. The next discovery was made about midway in Mill-street. Here a body was found doubled up in the British fashion, laid on the left side, with the head to the east. This burial was barely 2 ft. deep, and just upon the sand, and with the body was deposited a large oval rubber or pounder of stone, having a singular raised band round it. Near it also were pieces of very soft, imperfectly baked pottery. The body was that of a female, but from being so near the surface the remains of the skull are too imperfect to give measurements; but Mr. Greenwell says the type agrees with the skull above-named. The next excavation was in Langton-road, where, at a depth of 10 ft., coins, parts of two querns, Samian and other pottery were met with. Near the end of St. Nicholas-street, 10 ft. deep, a skeleton at full length was found, the head being to the north. With the body were a long stone rubber or pounder, and a bottle of a red ware, of soft pottery. This body was also a woman's, and the skull is 6½ in. long by 5½ in. broad; but, as there is no occipital bone recovered, the first measurement is partly estimated. Near Hungerford House a fine Roman bottle, globular, with long neck, the prototype of the fashionable water-bottle of the present day, was found. This has gone to Mr. J. C. Wise's collection. Close by a stone coffin, 2 ft. 7 in. by 1 ft. 3 in., and 9 in. deep, inner measurements, formed of one block of oolitic freestone, was found placed on two large blocks (nearly as large as the coffin itself) of oolite, but without a lid. The coffin was 8 ft. deep, and contained nothing but a trace of lime. There was a slight hollowing of the stone for the head, but no body appears to have been interred in the coffin. Close by the head, on the north, however, was a cinerary urn (Roman) with the burnt bones inclosed, and near were quantities of Samian, Upchurch, Darobrian, and locally-made pottery, part of a lacrimatory, three stone pounders, and an iron knife, or other implement. The Samian ware was embellished with hunting scenes in relief. These relics are held by Mr. J. C. Wise, who has also got an iron spearhead with bone tip of shaft from the ford across the Derwent. A little south of the last burial another body was found, again doubled up in the British way, and 8 ft. deep. This was a male, and the skull was in excellent order, the measurements being—length, 7½ in.; breadth, 5½ in.; and height, 5½ in. This man had been a cripple, very extensive necroses of the joints existing, particularly of the knees. Bottoms of two Samian vessels with potters' names were found near, and numerous foundations of old buildings, many showing signs of great burnings. Not far off the lower jaw of a child (deformed), but no other part of the body, was found. There was one slight case of decayed bone, presumed not human, as the jaw was very sound. How this fragment of a body came there is a puzzle. Various fragments of tiles, ornamented with red impressions in vertical and horizontal lines, and handles of amphore, spoons of vessels in form of the human face, and various minor Roman relics were found. Mr. Greenwell has added the skulls to his collection of crania from ancient Northumbria. He states that after rebuilding they show a dolichocephalic index, but not markedly so; have slightly prognathous jaws; foreheads of fair breadth, but rather low; parietal bosses rounded off; supraciliary ridges slight, the teeth greatly ground down, and general features soft. The whole resemble each other in the main, but their type is not British, nor Roman, nor, indeed, quite Teutonic, though to the latter type they approach the nearest. The drainage has to be carried through the small camp defending the ford at Malton, and probably more skulls will be then obtained. Outside the subsidiary camp at Malton—usually known as that of the Roman allies—burials are also being found. Mr. Greenwell will, therefore, obtain further examples of the crania of the district.

A RITUALISTIC ROW.

WHAT a pity it is that the Ritualists have not a Pontiff, intrusted with absolute power to say who shall preach the new doctrines to the heathen English and endowed with sufficient common-sense to fix upon the right man and the right occasion! Had they such a dignitary, there would have been no such disgraceful scene to record as that which has taken place at Weston-super-Mare. Wishing to show that the Church of England taught the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Sacrament, a Ritualistic clergyman, named Hunt, and calling himself Father Hunt, addressed a meeting in that town the other night. Such a harangue to a mixed audience could have but one result. First, an opposition clergyman got up and virtually accused Father Hunt of telling lies by misquoting Scripture. Then a learned layman, hearing so many appeals to the authority of the Fathers, begged to know who the Fathers were, and whether John Wesley was one of them. Next, a Dr. Evans sprang to his feet, and began to show that he had dined by making jokes about the Last Supper. When the joker was put down, a Rev. Mr. Townsend went deep into the Reformers, and found himself summarily brought back to the nineteenth century by a tremendous row in the body of the hall. Peace being restored, a Mr. Wiltshire came to the rescue of the theologian, and said that Father Hunt had no right to grin at the opinions of Luther and Calvin. By way of answer, the Father said that those who denied the Real Presence were worse than the Jews—an exposition of doctrine which the audience greeted with roars of laughter. During an interval of silence a mason, in his working clothes, stepped upon the platform, and made known that he belonged to the common-sense school of theology. After expressing supreme contempt for priests and parsons, he proceeded, in a fine jolly strain, to hold up the Ritualistic doctrine of transubstantiation to the ridicule of the audience. "Why, Christ had said as how he were the Door, and the Shepherd; and if you can prove that e'er a door is Christ, then," said the logical mason, "I will believe that what I see to be bread and wine is the body and blood of Christ." Soon after that shot had been discharged, the battle was adjourned to the outside of the hall, and hard words gave place to fist-cuffs. An orthodox mob set upon the "Father" and his Ritualist supporters, pelted them with stones, ran after them up one street and down another, "roared at them like wild beasts at feeding time," until the missionaries took refuge in an hotel, under the protection of the police. If the narrative seems blasphemous, it is not our fault, but the fault of the insane fanatics who deemed an English public meeting a fit assembly for the discussion of religious doctrine, not only complex and obscure, but especially calculated to exasperate the audience. Again we ask, why have the Ritualists no spiritual head to keep their proselytism within the bounds of common-sense? No intelligent

person wishes to deny them the privilege of free speech; but when they know that to all genuine Englishmen their teaching is abhorrent, why do they not choose a proper time and place for polemical discussion, instead of doing their utmost to make a mockery of the religion which we all profess? —Daily Telegraph.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE great operatic news of the day is that it isn't true that Signor Bottesini is to replace Mr. Costa next season as musical director at the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Bottesini, however, has been engaged as assistant conductor, and will take charge of the orchestra on the non-subscription nights. According to the *Musical World*, there will be performances at the Royal Italian Opera every night next season—which, after all, will only be about one more performance each week than was given during the season of 1886.

Instead of an English opera, as in previous years, the pantomime at Covent Garden is preceded this Christmas by a French operetta. "Terrible Hymen," the work in question, is an adaptation from a *lever de rideau* by a M. Jonas, who can scarcely pass for a prophet in his own or any other country. The original, which was brought out some time since at the Théâtre Lyrique, is entitled "Avant les Noces." It represents some improbable and by no means amusing scenes between a man who thinks he would have got on better in the world if he had been a woman, and a woman who fancies she would have got on better had she been a man. Thereupon Pierre assumes female and Marie male attire. Marie, of course, remains a woman in the eyes of her lover, and Pierre a man in those of his *inamorata*. No one is deceived, no one is interested, no one is even amused. The only thing to be said in favour of the piece is that it only lasts about five-and-twenty minutes. The part of Pierre in this inconsiderable trifle is taken by Signor Garcia, who may be remembered by the frequenters of her Majesty's Theatre as a fair representative of such characters as Enrico in "Lucia," and Valentine in "Faust." That charming singer, M^{me}. Martorelli, impersonates Marie; and it is certainly not the fault of either of these artists that "Terrible Hymen" is not more interesting than it actually proves. The English libretto has been skilfully prepared by Mr. Gilbert à Beckett.

We have now heard the last of the Monday Popular Concerts for the year 1886. They are to recommence, however, on Jan. 11, when the post of principal violin will be taken by Herr Joachim. At the concert which terminated the late series, or section of a series, no less than seven composers were represented—Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Ernst, and Benedict. The quartet was Beethoven's in A minor, written in 1825, the year before the composer was attacked by the illness to which he soon after succumbed; and, although the execution of this work occupies no less than three-quarters of an hour (the ordinary duration of a dramatic act), it was listened to with breathless attention throughout, each successive movement being appreciated and applauded. The violin solo was Ernst's "Elegy," a divinely-impassioned piece of music, which Herr Wilhelmj played finely, but not with the tone and expression of Joachim or of Ernst himself. Instead of repeating the "Elegy" (for it was encored), Herr Wilhelmj substituted for it Vieuxtemps's very inferior reverie—as inferior, indeed, to Ernst's poetical work as Belgian art is to German. Mr. Hallé was the pianist, and played Weber's sonata in D minor, after which he was recalled; Schubert's well-named "Rondeau brillant" (for piano and violin—the violin part by Herr Wilhelmj); and Mendelssohn's "Tema con variazioni" for piano and violoncello. In this last piece Mr. Hallé was associated with Signor Piatti, whose performance was, of course, admirable, and who on this occasion played on a genuine Stradivarius of rare quality formerly in the possession of General Oliver, and presented by that gentleman to Signor Piatti in token of regard.

THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION'S LABOURS IN 1886.

DURING the year which is just closing the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution have saved the crews of the following distressed ships on the coasts of the British Isles:—From the steamer Bessie, of Hayle, 9; the barque Reliance, of Whitby, 9; the barque Victorine, of Ostend, 1; the brig Osep, of Flume, 7; the schooner Black Agnes, of South Shields, 3; the brigantine Fremad, of Bergen, 7; the schooner Laurel, of Goole, 3; the brig Tartar, of Sunderland, saved vessel and crew, 8; the schooner George, of Goole, saved vessel and crew, 6; the ship Thoughtful, of Sunderland, 8; the brig Jessie, of London, 8; the brig Cheshire Witch, of London, 3; the schooner Zephyr, of Banff, 6; the barque Lyman Cann, of St. John, New Brunswick, 1; the ship Iron Crown, of Liverpool, rendered assistance; the brigantine Isabella, of Waterford, assisted to save vessel and crew, 5; the brig Pero, of Whitby, 7; the smack Lily, of Wexford, 6; the schooner Sarah Ann, of Jersey, saved vessel and crew, 6; the steamer Lady Beatrix, of Sunderland, saved vessel; the brig Altivo, of Lisbon, 10; the flat Morning Star, of Carnarvon, 3; the galliot Johanna, of Soon, Norway, 7; the ship Amsterdam, of Sunderland, 14; the brig Mazurka, of Dundee, 10; the brig Claudia, of Belfast, saved vessel and crew, 7; the brig Vesta, of Whitby, 7; the schooner Leader assisted to save vessel and crew, 6; the billyboy Gipsy, of Wisbeach, 4; the barque Julia, of Liverpool, 9; the schooner Peerless, of Aberystwith, 5; the smack Elizabeth, of Cardigan, 6; the smack Jenny Jones, of Barmouth, 5; the brigantine Pearl, of Montrose, saved vessel; the schooner Anne, of Torquay, 3; the ship Alarm, of Belfast, 11; the brig Providentia, of Svelvig Drammen, 8; the smack Shamrock, of Wexford, 6; the barque Mary and Elizabeth, of Whitby, 11; the schooner Treaty, of Goole, saved vessel and crew, 4; the steamer Carbon, of Newcastle, saved vessel and crew, 12; the cutter yacht Dagmar, of Middlesbrough, 2; the ship Mary Roe, of Quebec, 7; the lugger Betsy Ann, of Port Gordon, N.B., 5; the brigantine Jeanne Francis, assisted to save vessel and crew, 6; the brigantine Nicholas Harvey, of Hayle, 8; the brigantine Columbia, of Carnarvon, 5; the pilot coble of Blakeney, saved coble and crew, 3; the fishing-smack Favourite, of Peel, Isle of Man, 8; the barque Volana, of Liverpool, saved vessel and crew, 5; the barque Coriven, of Londonderry, rendered assistance; the schooner Margaret Caldwell, of Portrush, 6; the sloop Pomona, of Ipswich, 2; the sloop Superior, of Goole, 2; the sloop Queen of Goole, 3; the sloop Cupid, of Goole, 4; the smack Cymro, of Amble, 2; the schooner Anaconda, of Lerwick, 5; the schooner Swann, of Goole, 4; the steamer Buda, of Leith, assisted to save vessel and crew; the schooner Coronation, of London, 4; the barque Indus, of Maitland, Nova Scotia, 2; the schooner Tay, of Dundee, 5; the barque Salmi, assisted to save vessel and crew; the barque Margaret and Jane, of Shields, 8; the barque Caroline Elizabeth, of London, 13; the lugger William and Mary, of Yarmouth, 1; the Norwegian barque Inga, 14; the ship Himalaya, of Liverpool, rendered assistance; and the brig George, of Lowestoft, 6; making a total of 381 lives rescued from the above-named disasters, in addition to fifteen vessels saved from destruction by the life-boats. During the same period the institution has granted rewards for saving 495 lives by fishing and other boats, making a grand total of 876 lives saved in 1886 mainly through the instrumentality of the Life-boat Institution. In the same period the crews of the life-boats of the institution have either assembled or put off in reply to signals of distress 122 times to ships not eventually requiring their services. It often happened that on these occasions the life-boat crews had incurred much risk and exposure throughout stormy days and nights. The number of lives saved either by the life-boats of the institution or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards since its formation is 15,856, for which services 82 gold medals, 767 silver medals, and £23,380 in cash, have been given as rewards. When we remember that nearly every life saved by life-boats has been rescued under perilous circumstances, it will at once be seen what great benefit has been conferred by the Life-boat Institution, not only on the poor men themselves and on their country, but also on their wives and children, who would otherwise be widows and orphans. Since the beginning of the present year, the institution has expended £29,687 on its 172 life-boat stations on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and since its first establishment the institution has expended £160,400 on its life-boat stations. We would strongly urge on all who recognise the sacredness of human life, the duty, and even the privilege, to help forward the life-boat work.

HOW TO LIGHT A DARK ROOM.—If, in a very narrow street or lane, we look out of the window with the eye in the same plane as the outer face of the wall in which the window is placed, we shall see the whole of the sky by which the apartment can be illuminated. If we now withdraw the eye inwards we shall gradually lose sight of the sky till it wholly disappears, which may take place when the eye is only 6 in. or 8 in. from its first position. In such a case the apartment is illuminated only by the light reflected from the opposite wall or the sides of the stones which form the window; because if the glass of the window is 6 in. or 8 in. within the wall, as it generally is, not a ray of light can fall upon it. If we now remove our window and substitute another in which all the panes of glass are roughly ground on the outside, and flush with the outer wall, the light from the whole of the visible sky and from the remotest parts of the opposite wall will be introduced into the apartment, reflected from the innumerable facets or facets which the rough grinding of the glass has produced. The whole window will appear as if the sky were beyond it, and from every point of this luminous surface light will radiate into all parts of the room.—Builder.

PROCLAMATION OF MAZZINI TO THE ROMANS.

MANY forgeries professing to be proclamations from Joseph Mazzini have lately been circulated. The following is the genuine proclamation of Mazzini to the Romans. We (*Star*) can answer for its authenticity, and we believe it has actually been posted on the walls of Rome:—

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

I know not what you may intend to do under the present circumstances, but I know what you *ought* to do, and I take upon myself to tell you this: first, from a sense of my duty as an Italian and a Roman citizen; since in days glorious for your city it pleased you to make me such; second, because the monarchical party have lately endeavoured to impose upon you as mine a stupid letter preaching patience to you, and stigmatising as "imprudent" the glorious deeds of Rome in 1849.

Some among you may possibly have believed in the reality of that forgery, and it is important to me that you should know that I—once Triumvir of Rome, and now grey-headed, but not grey-souled—have ever preserved intact the faith which we, then united and strong in will, announced to Italy from the Capitol.

I know not what unforeseen situation you may be placed in by the tortuous tactics of the Government of the kingdom of Italy, and their plots with French or Papal agents, and I trust you will act with dignity in any case; but I address you now taking the Franco-Italian Convention as the basis upon which to judge your position.

In the face of that Convention, which binds the Italian Government neither to promote nor tolerate any attempt against the temporal power of the Pope and to maintain Florence as the capital of Italy, you have before you two solemn duties—the first towards Rome and towards yourselves, who bear her sacred name, the second towards Italy and Europe.

It is your duty to act—to rise up against the ignoble horde, the refuse of other lands, and to drive them out.

An accusation circulates against you—why should I conceal this from you?—an accusation which has been frequently repeated by the French and English press.

The strange patience with which for eighteen long years you have endured the presence of the foreigner within your walls without a single manly protest, has been accepted as a proof of the submission of a people shrinking from danger, and has given colour to the falsehood that Rome was defended in 1849 by Italians from other parts of the Peninsula.

I was a witness of your conduct in those days, and therefore I have declared and do declare the assertion a lie.

I know all the many influences that have been brought to bear upon you in order to induce the strange patience of which I have spoken, and among them I cannot forget the peculiar and difficult position created for you by the Italian monarchy in allying itself with France.

But if now, freed from that false position, you should still persist in yielding to those enervating influences; if you do not now hasten to show that it was not the power of your enemies, but the fact that they were of the nation which Italy denominated her ally, and which had fought with her at Solferino and Magenta, that restrained you, you will give confirmation to the ignoble accusation. Now, Romans must not—I will not say be cowards; they must not even be suspected of cowardice.

What should be the cry with which you rise to arms? What your programme?

You answered this question eighteen years ago. You have not now to choose; you have chosen.

On the 9th of February, 1859, then free, and legally represented, you unanimously declared yours the cry that gave your forefathers their greatness, and you summed up the programme of Rome in the word "Republic."

That programme, accepted with enthusiasm by all the provinces then belonging to Rome, was sealed by the blood of the best among you during the two months of that heroic struggle in Rome, Bologna, and Ancona.

On the 2nd of July the free expression of your will and of your right was put down by brute force. That obstacle is now withdrawn. The manifestation of your will recommences at the point where it was interrupted. Your eternal right revives. By rising now you are what you were on the 9th of February—REPUBLICANS AND YOUR OWN MASTERS.

On the 3rd of July—one day after the entrance of the French—the Roman people, in the face of its enemies, once more raised its hand in affirmation of its faith; the Republican Constitution was read aloud to the multitude from the Capitol. The foreign flag was interposed to veil from Italy the hand that held the pact aloft. That veil is rent asunder, and the hand of the Roman people reappears, raised on high.

This is the programme pointed out to you by logic, honour, conscience, and duty towards the past and towards the future. You are bound, before all things, to reassert yourselves, your own life, your own power. That done, you will act as God and the sense of your national duty inspire. First exist; then dispose of yourselves.

Then, and then only, when your votes will not be as the blind, mute, hurried suffrages which inaugurated the Bonapartist tyranny and consigned Nice to France—when that vote may go forth, solemn, deliberate, powerful in collective inspiration, and enlightened by the counsels of your best men in free discussion of your position and that of Italy—you will decide whether Rome ought to give herself, like a secondary city, and disinherited of all life of her own, to a monarchy already doomed—a monarchy proved impotent and incapable of all noble action; a monarchy which has accepted Venice as an alms from the foreigner, and would inscribe "Lissa" and "Costanza" upon the Capitol—or whether the tradition, glorious beyond all others, of her past, and that mission which has twice given moral and material unity to the world, do not call her to a part nobler, worthier, and more fruitful of glory to the nation.

In the mean time assert yourselves: assert Rome. They who give you other counsel; they who urge you servilely to subject and submerge yourselves, without free, collective, and mature deliberation, in the existing fact, do but dishonour Rome without serving Italy. Do not accuse me in speaking thus of contradicting the counsels I gave to other Italian cities in the past.

When in 1859 and '60 I counselled annexation for the south of Italy, the material unity of our country—opposed to all the designs of Bonaparte—did not exist. Italy had agreed, no matter whether wisely or not, to give monarchy the benefit of the experiment as to the possibility of identifying its interests with those of the country at large. Moreover, the cities to which—in reverence for the sovereignty of the popular will—I gave that advice bore not the grand name of Rome.

Nevertheless, even then I urged the election of assemblies, instead of the *plébiscite*, so that the annexation might be accomplished under the sanction of a compact securing the true liberty and honour of the future nation.

My advice was unheeded; and now those provinces repent having given themselves so blindly.

But the state of things in which I address you, Romans, is radically different.

The material unity of Italy is henceforth irrevocably founded, nor can it be delayed or endangered by your decision. The important question now is, not whether you be united to Italy upon this or that day, but that you be so in a manner worthy of Rome, tending to elevate the destiny of Italy and to promote that moral unity which is yet unaccomplished, and which the monarchy is incapable of accomplishing.

The experiment has been fully tried. A long series of incontrovertible facts has proved to all possessed of heart and intellect that the monarchy cannot be other than servile abroad and an instrument of repression at home. The institution is doomed. The country may yet for awhile drag itself through the uncertainties of opportunism; but it is no longer monarchical.

But I speak to you, Romans, of Rome—an exception among all the cities of our Italy.

Rome is not a city; Rome is an idea.

Rome is the sepulchre of two great religions, which have given life to the world in the past; and Rome is the sanctuary of a third religion to come, and destined to give life to the world in the future. Rome represents the mission of Italy among the nations; the word of our people; the eternal gospel of unification to the peoples.

Can I bid her annex herself as a subaltern and an appendix to Florence? Can I, without profanation, counsel Rome to give the consecration of her prestige to a dying institution, and throw the gigantic shadow of her glory over the errors, the crimes, the servility to the foreigner, of a monarchy which uttered no word of protest in your favour in 1849; which has uttered no word of protest for you during your eighteen years of slavery, and which has declared by the lips of its Ministers, *We will never go to Rome unless by permission of France and the Pope*.

No; Rome ought never to annex herself to Florence; we are all bound to annex ourselves to Rome.

But for this we require that Rome should exist; we require that Rome should arise again as she was when she saved the honour of the nation, lost by the monarchy at Milan and Novara. We require her to rise from her sepulchre, not in the name of the past, but in the name of the new life of the future. We require that she should shine before us for a while alone, a Beacon of Truth and Progress to the expectant and uncertain populations of Italy.

The material unity of Italy is nearly complete. All that we want is a symbol to represent that moral unity which can only be realised by the Republic. What we now have is but the body without the soul. We await the soul from Rome; but Rome can only inspire the inert form with soul on condition of preserving herself pure from the defilement by which it is now contaminated.

Should Rome accept that, Rome, too, would fall; and with her—for I know not how long—the grand destiny of Italy in Europe.

Farewell. Now and for ever yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

A DISSENTING CHAPEL was lately built, upon the front of which a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription:—"My household be called the house of prayer." He was referred, for accuracy, to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur; but, unfortunately, to the scandal of the society, he transcribed the whole verse:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

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